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CONTENTS.

	Page
Moussorgsky as a Song Writer.—II. By Ernest Newman	165
Robert Jones and his Prefaces. By Philip Heseltine (concluded)	168
Some Czechoslovak Choral Works.—I. Vítězlav Novák's <i>Storm</i> , Op. 42. By Rosa Newmarch ...	171
Franck's Organ Music.—II. By Harvey Grace ...	174
An Amateur on Critics. By Robert Lorenz ...	178
The Musician's Bookshelf	180
New Music	183
Occasional Notes	185
Gramophone Notes. By 'Discus'	192
Church and Organ Music	193
Competition Festival Record	195
The Amateurs' Exchange	196
Letters to the Editor	196
Sixty Years Ago... ..	198
Sharps and Flats	198
Royal Academy of Music	198
Royal College of Music... ..	199
Trinity College of Music	199
Byrd and Weekes	199
London Concerts	200
Recollections of Life at Cairo. By Frederick Kitchener	203
Music in the Provinces	204
Music in Ireland... ..	207
Musical Notes from Abroad	207
Obituary	211
Miscellaneous	211

MUSIC.

'Now if Christ be preached that He rose from the dead.' Easter Anthem. By W. WOLSTENHOLME 187

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THE MUSICAL TIMES

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MOUSSORGSKY AS A SONG WRITER

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

II.

Not twenty per cent. of Moussorgsky's songs will, I am afraid, survive a critical examination. Some of them show a technical incompetence so complete and an invention so commonplace that it is hard to believe they are the work of the composer of *Death's Serenade* and *Gathering Mushrooms*. In the output of no other distinguished song-writer, no matter how often he may fall below his best, shall we find anything so poor as *King Saul*, *Night*, *The Wanderer*, *Sphinx*, *The Minstrel's Song*, or *A Vision*. Almost all his typical defects can be studied in this last song—his general technical helplessness, his shapelessness, his attempt, in the last bar of the vocal melody, to appear original by an effect of unfinish, and then, in the final foolish little pianoforte arpeggio, the unmistakable signature of the amateur who does not know how to end.

There was a strong strain of sentimentality in him—a curious strain to be running alongside that of what he imagined to be relentless realism. How on earth, we ask ourselves, came the composer of *The Wanderer* into the Petersburg of the 'seventies? His place is among the English or American writers of shop-ballads of the present day: there only can he sit among his peers. But any student who has burrowed much below the surface of the Russian song as represented by the half-dozen great writers, knows that the rank and file wallow in a sentimentality that can be equalled in no other European song but the English. Moussorgsky, apparently, could not escape the general infection in his weaker moments. There is no broader brotherhood in the world than that of the musical sentimentalists. Wherever the breed is met with, it is true to type. Everywhere it speaks the same musical language—an exasperating language, oily, facile, fundamentally insincere; the expression not of something the man has really felt, but of something he feels he ought to have felt. Even some of Moussorgsky's better songs seem to us, now that they have lost their first novelty, tarred with the sentimental—for Russian music, like German, has what Romain Rolland would call its national lie. If German sentimentality has its well-known traditional pretexts for tearfulness, Russian sentimentality has its peasant and its orphan. Of both we become, in time, as tired as of the German young man and maiden with their longings and their ribbons and their flowers. Moussorgsky, the professed realist, is as guilty as any of the German sentimentalists of procuring sympathy under false pretences—of playing, that is, upon our humanitarianism by means of a stock figure of pathos. He resorted to the device a little too often. Standardised pathos of this sort is as well within the scope of the second- or third-rate as of the first-rate men: Cui, in his *Hunger Song*, can paint as tragic a figure of a starving peasant as Moussorgsky; and

Kopyloff, in his *Labourer's Song*, can stir equally effectively the latent sociologist or welfare-worker that there is in each of us. But in all these cases we have a slightly uncomfortable feeling that we are being worked upon, in part at any rate, by other means than those of art; the music, not particularly good in itself, gets the support of our own strong social feeling, just as in the oratorios so beloved of the English public a good deal of poor music is not recognised as poor because it is reinforced by the hearer's religious emotion. Now and then, however, the greater Moussorgsky rises above this mere conventional Russian sentiment about peasants and orphans, and then we get a cry that is universal and enduring in its appeal.

We can mostly write off too, I think, those of Moussorgsky's songs in which he merely underlines the words or turns them into musical graphic. This kind of thing is so easy to do in music that I am astonished at the praise Moussorgsky has had in some quarters for doing it. Finding a sort of musical equivalent for an external image is almost the lowest form of the musical faculty's functioning. Every composer, of course, indulges himself in it at times; but with the big composers it is always a secondary thing, taken, as it were, in the stride of a work. Moreover, the graphic or pictorial is only tolerable when at the same time that it describes the external it makes good music. Most of Moussorgsky's pictorialism fails to comply with this condition. He shows himself a dilettante by his almost childish delight in making pictures in music, and by his childish belief that having made a picture-phrase or two he has made a work. There could hardly be found more instructive specimens of the weaknesses of the pictorial song than *The Goat* or *Master Haughty*. The satire of *The Musicians' Peep-Show* and *The Classicist* seems to me mostly the poorest of poor stuff; any amateur could do this kind of thing, and no composer of gifts who was not half an amateur would think this kind of thing worth wasting his time upon. Nor can I share the admiration of some of my colleagues for what I have ventured to call the patter-songs. This way of writing music—the imitation of the accents of the speaking-voice—is also one of the easiest. An amateur can bring off many quite good effects in it. It is true that Moussorgsky, in such songs as *The Seminarist* and pages here and there of the *Children's Songs*, does the thing better than most amateurs; but it is hardly worth doing at all, and no song composer who has been an out-and-out composer has ever wasted his time on it. He has had in him too much music clamouring for utterance for that. The genre is pre-eminently the amateur's own.

For these and other novelties Moussorgsky got a good deal of credit in the Western world—until the novelty wore off, and the new thing was seen to be of no particular importance for the future of music. He has been over-praised, I think, as a rhythmist, the truth being simply that some of his rhythms were new to Western musicians. And

they were what they were merely because the Russian language is what it is. Our English sense of song-rhythm has been moulded, naturally, by the typical rhythms of our own language and by the very similar rhythms of that German song-literature that has been almost as native to us as our own. The rhythms of Russian are often very different from these; and a Russian composer has only to follow faithfully the metre of a line to produce what seems to our Western ears a strikingly new musical rhythm. Moussorgsky's frequent changes of time-signature were not, as is popularly supposed, the result of a rhythmical sense so subtle that it could not be contained within the ordinary duple or triple metres, but the result merely of a rigidly syllabic treatment of the poetic line. Look, for example, at the opening lines of the song *The Feast*, in which I have given a rough transliteration of the beginning of the Russian text:

EX. 1.

Mass-ive fold-ing gates now wide-ly o-pen stand
Vo-ro-ta te-so-vwee ras-tvo-rya-lee-sya,
Filled with many a guest great sled-ges drive be-tween,
Kind-ly host and host-ess go to greet there friends.*

* *I.e.*, to greet friends there (!).

It will be seen that every syllable has its note; and this procedure is maintained through the whole of the thirty-five bars of the song. How purely Russian is the rhythm thus obtained is shown by the difficulties of the English translator. It is impossible, indeed, to translate certain Russian poetic rhythms into English, for they are alien to our tongue. We can imitate them for a line or two, but we cannot keep it up, except at the expense of elasticity and naturalness. Of all translators for music, the translator from the Russian is most to be pitied: his task is often a hopeless one. In the above example, for instance, it will be seen how as early as the third bar the rhythm ceases to be Russian and becomes English: we instinctively feel the musical phrase to end on the 'guest,' and the 'great' to be the up-take of bar 4, whereas in the Russian bar 3 is a genuine 3-2, with three emphatic accents | —U'—U'—U' | not | —U'—U— | U

The point can perhaps be made clearer by a couple of quotations from *Gathering Mushrooms*. Here Moussorgsky's rhythmic plan is a series of two-bar phrases in common time, involving a number of those double or treble rhymes that are so scarce or difficult in English, but are plentiful in so highly inflected a language as Russian. The translator is virtually compelled to abandon the Russian scheme of making the ends of the lines coincide with the ends of the bars, and to resort

to the custom of treating the last syllable of a bar as merely the up-take to the following bar:

Ex. 2. ba - tyu-shkee

Both those lov-ing pa-rents Of him I own for

ma - too-shkee skryazh - ni - tchat

hus-band May cease to be so stin-gy And

po - brazh - ni - tchat.

soon pre-pare a lan-quet.

and again:

Ex. 3. ne - me - lo - moo da

But for him I mar-ried, That pit-eous wretch-ed

khe - lo - moo o - ko - shech - ko

crea-ture, Just by the o-pen win-dow, I'll

loo ko - shech - ko

place be-times a bas-ket. Filled up

To sing the song in English is thus to miss the essence of Moussorgsky's rhythm, and so to miss something of the psychology of the character which expresses itself in this rhythm—to say nothing of the occasional effects of disjointed accent.

If we glance at the song 'Interior' (from the *Sunless* cycle) we see again how spontaneously Moussorgsky's song-rhythms flow from the rhythm of the poetry, and how impossible it is to bend the English language to quite the same curves: note especially the frequency of the double and triple rhymes, and the effect (not to be reproduced in English) of the tapering away of the phrases into vowel sounds:

Ex. 4.

Kom-nat-ka tes-na-ya te-kha-ya, me-la-ya

Tin-ne-pro-glya dna-ya, ten bez ot-vet-na-ya

Du-ma glu-ba-ka-ya, me-snya u-ne-la-ya,

We see, then, that although some of Moussorgsky's rhythms are unusual, from the Western point of view, we can hardly put them

down to the subtlety of his rhythmic sense: he comes upon them as a matter of course in merely following the poem syllable by syllable. The test of a musician's rhythmic sense, however, is not the number or variety of his time-signatures, but the delightful unexpectedness—and at the same time naturalness—of his accents within an apparently set metrical scheme; it is herein that lies the secret of those princes of rhythm, the Elizabethan madrigalists. As I have pointed out elsewhere, an irregular metrical formula may be woefully monotonous, because the accents recur always at the same places, while a regular metrical formula, by varying the places of accentual impact, may be made full of variety. The most monotonous movement, rhythmically speaking, of the *Pathetic* Symphony is the one in 5-4 time; just as monotonous is the 11-4 chorus in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sadko*. The composers here, in trying to escape from the fetters of 2-4 or 3-4 time, have merely imposed heavier fetters on themselves.

Some day, perhaps, these irregular metres will be handled with the same abundant elasticity as the regular metres.* But the practice of the Russians shows that they present a good deal of difficulty even to composers to whose language they are native. Moussorgsky is rarely so monotonous in rhythm as when he is doggedly following out his plan of altering the time-signature in bar after bar in conformity with the poetic metre; the total effect is as truly mechanical as that of any song written throughout in a four-square metre with the one unvarying distribution of pulses could be. *The Spirit in Heaven* may be cited as an example. Sometimes, as in *Misfortune* or *The Ragamuffin*, we get all the charm of the irregular metre and little or no sense of rhythmic monotony, partly because the fall of the accents is varied within the lines, partly because Moussorgsky has had the sense to distribute a few rests over the song. On the other hand, the very persistence of one of those irregular rhythms may have a wonderful potency, as in the great song *Savishna*, where the breathless, unpausing 5-4 rhythm conveys as nothing else could the fever of the poor villager's soul.

We are finally left with about a dozen songs that nobody else could have written. In the *Songs and Dances of Death*, the Russian sentimentalist of some of the other songs becomes the universal humanist—speaking Russian indeed, but a Russian that is intelligible to us all. The songs are sometimes shapeless, but the primitive power of them makes their shapelessness seem less a fault than a virtue. In the *Peasant's Lullaby* (No. 7 of the Bessel volume) the introduction of quite a new strain for the final section, after the long insistence on the main theme of the song,

* It is curious, by the way, how exotic they remain in the hands of an Englishman with a really good sense of rhythm. He seems no sooner to have plunged into a 5-4 rhythm than he hastens to assure us, by some variant of accent or of grouping that suggests a more regular rhythm, that he really did not mean it after all. A very instructive example is to be seen in the excellent *Fantasy* by R. O. Morris that was recently published by the Carnegie Trust.

would be a piece of bad design that would damn any song by any other composer; but somehow it does not greatly matter here. Moussorgsky is at his greatest, in his songs as in his operas, when he seems to concentrate the character and the history of his race into a page or two; and when he is doing this his roughness and his shapelessness no more matter than do the roughness and shapelessness of Dostoevsky. But he remains an insoluble problem—a baffling mixture of genius, talent, and dilettantism, of the raw primitive and the polished classicist. There is nothing in all song-literature more admirably shaped or more perfectly finished than *Gathering Mushrooms*; while in the *Sunless* cycle he is seen trying all sorts of experiments—some of them successfully—and giving all sorts of hints to future composers. Both Debussy and Stravinsky have made good use, for example, of a striking harmonic sequence that appears in *No more those happy, careless days*. Had he only been able to master a genuine technique, what might he not have done? But he was apparently of the type that rather prides itself on its dilettantism. All in all, Tchaikovsky summed him up shrewdly and fairly in a letter of 1879:

With regard to Moussorgsky, as you very justly remark, he is 'used up.' His gifts are perhaps the most remarkable of all, but his nature is narrow and he has no aspiration towards self-perfection. He has been too easily led away by the absurd theories of his set and the belief in his own genius. Besides which his nature is not of the finest quality, and he likes what is coarse, unpolished, and ugly. . . . He plays with his lack of polish, and even seems proud of his want of skill, writing just as it comes to him, believing blindly in the infallibility of his genius. As a matter of fact, his very original talent flashes forth now and again.

ROBERT JONES AND HIS PREFACES

By PHILIP HESELTINE

(Concluded from February number page 100.)

In common with all Jones's, and most of his contemporaries', song-books this volume contains twenty-one songs. The precise significance of this figure is not clear, though the product of two such traditionally fortunate numbers as 3 and 7 may have been considered singularly propitious.

As a good example of the style of the work, the opening strain of No. 12, *Farewell, dear love, since thou wilt needs be gone*, may be quoted:

Ex. 1.

Fare - well, dear love, since thou wilt needs be gone

Mine eyes do show my life is al - most done,

This is one of the snatches of song bawled out by Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night* (II., 3), when Maria and Malvolio come in to protest against the shindy he and Sir Andrew are kicking-up in the middle of the night. The words are almost identical, and it seems likely that the tune Shakespeare knew was this one of Jones's, seeing that *Twelfth Night* was produced in the year following the publication of Jones's book. The popularity of the song is attested by the appearance in the composer's fourth book, nine years later, of a song identical in metre and very similar in melody, *Farewell, fond youth, if thou hadst not been blind*.

The Second Booke of Songs and Ayres, Set out to the Lute, the base Violl the playne way, or the Base by tableture after the leero fashion, appeared in 1601. It is dedicated *To the right virtuous and worthy Knight Sir Henry Lennard*:

Worthy Sir and my honourable friend, I give you this *Child*, I pray you bring it up, because I am a poor man and cannot maintain it. It may suffer much adversity in my name: your Fortune may alter his stars and make him happy. Though his Father be alive, I may call him an *Orphan*, for poor men's *Children* are *Orphans* born, and more to be pitied than they that have changed their fathers for their lands. Such may raise themselves in due time: we have no way to heighten our being but by another power. As gentlewomen peece themselves with tires and coronets, to appear more personable and tall, so must we add unto our littleness (if we will not be scorned for dwarfs) the crown of gentle persons more eminent and high. Our stature are not set above danger; we lie low, fit for every foot to tread upon, our place is the ground, there is nothing beneath us, and yet detraction will pull us lower if we have not good aspects. They will find means to dig and let us down into the earth and bury us before our time. This is the cause of patronage, and this is the persecution of them that would engross all glory into their own hands. But see the rage of these men, they bite the fruits themselves should feed upon. Virtue would bring forth many *children* but they hold them in the womb that they dare not come out. As the covetous man besiegeth all the land about him with statutes, fines and bands and other such like civil war, so doth the ambitious entrap the little portion of any commendations that may fall besides him. And like the merciless soldiers, the castles they cannot take, they blow up. They are as sparing of every small remnant of credit as if it were laid up in common-bank and the more were given away, the less would come to their shares. They are miserable men: I will only brand them with this mark and let them go. They were eagles, if they did not catch flies; as they are, they are great things, much less than nothing. For my part, I will not contend with them; I desire no applause or commendations. Let them have the fame of echoes and sounds, and let me be a bird in your cage, to sing to myself and you. This is my content, and this my ambition. If I have this, I fail not in my expectation; if more for your sake, that is my advantage and I will owe you duty for it. In the meantime I rest

At your Worship's service,


ROBERT JONES.

The reader is addressed thus:

Reader, I have once more adventured to ask thy counsel, whether I have done well or no in taking thus much pains to please thee. All that I will say for myself is: My intent towards thee was good, yet because perhaps I know thee not and I as yet am not grown so confident to warrant my endeavours against all men, I hold it no shame to crave upright-

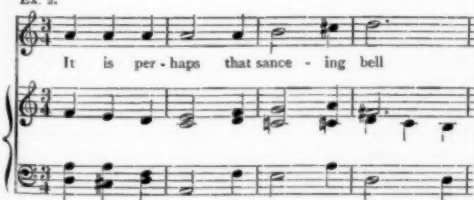
ness in thy censure, as I mean not to accuse myself of negligence by begging thy favour: wherein I choose rather to deserve thy commendations than by my own praises to set my labours out to sale. The truth is, although I was not so idle when I composed these Ayres that I dare not stand to the hazard of their examination, yet I would be glad (if it might be) that thy friendly approbation might give me encouragement to sound my thankfulness more sweetly in thine ears hereafter. If the ditties dislike thee, 'tis my fault that was so bold to publish the private contentments of divers gentlemen without their consents, though (I hope) not against their wills: wherein if thou find anything to meet with thy desire, thank me, for they were never meant thee. I know not how the vulgar esteem of travel [*sc. travail* = work], but methinks there should be no gentleman (when he may buy so much pains for so little money) that will not conclude he can at least be no loser by the bargain. If any musician will out of the pride of his cunning disdain me and these my beginnings as things not worth his envy, these are to desire him (if he be not grown past all charity) that he would accept the subscription of my name as a sufficient testimony that I am not ashamed of instruction, wherein soever I may appear to have outrun my justification. As for the rest that would fain inform men they know something by their general dislike of everything, I will not so much as desire them to be silent, lest I should hereby teach them at least how they might seem wise. For the book I will say only thus much: there hath not yet been any extant of this fashion which, if thou shalt pronounce to be but worth thy hearing, I rest satisfied, if not thy debtor. Farewell.

If 'this fashion' designate a book of songs for one voice with instrumental accompaniment, the last statement is incorrect, for the preceding year had seen the publication of Morley's book of solo songs (of which the sole surviving copy is now, alas! in America, and inaccessible), and of the twenty-eight numbers in Cavendish's book (published in 1598) fourteen are for a single voice with the lute. Where Jones's second book is unique is in the provision of an alternative accompaniment for the bass viol tuned *lyra-* (or *leero-*) wise

[*i.e.*, ], in addition to the usual lute tablature and bass viol part in ordinary notation for playing with the lute.

This book contains some of Jones's choicest and most original work. Particularly charming are the songs *Now what is love?** with its fantastic harmonies (which are too clearly indicated in both tablatures to be misprints) and the delightful little four-note figure that haunts the last two lines of each verse:

Ex. 2.



It is per-haps that sance-ing bell

* This setting of Raleigh's words was doubtless the one used in Thomas Heywood's play *The Rape of Lucrece* (Act 2., Scene 1).



that tolls us in - to heaven or hell.

and *Did ever man thus love as I?* with the delicious sequence in the fourth line:

Ex. 3.



I think I was made For no oth-er
trade, My mind

The dedication of the madrigal set (to Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury), published in 1607, is a not particularly brilliant example of what Alfonso Ferrabosco the younger, a man 'not made of much speech,' stigmatized as 'that solemn industry of many in Epistles [to] enforce all that hath been said in praise of the Faculty and make that commend the work.' But in offering his *Ultimum Vale or the Third Booke of Ayres* to Henry Prince of Wales a year later his literary ability reasserted itself in this admirable passage:

Almost all our knowledge is drawn through the senses: they are the soul's intelligencers whereby she passeth into the world and the world into her, and amongst all of them, there is none so learned as the ear, none hath obtained so excellent an art, so delicate, so abstruse, so spiritual, that it catcheth up wild sounds in the air and brings them under a government not to be expressed but done, and done by no skill but its own. There is music in all things, but every man cannot find it out, because of his own jarring; he must have a harmony in himself that should go about it, and then he is in a good way, as he that hath a good ear is in a good forwardness to our faculty. Conceit is but a well-tun'd fancy, done in time and place: an excellent sentence is but a well-tun'd reason well knit together: polity, or the subject thereof, a commonwealth, is but a well-tun'd song where all parts do agree and meet together, with full consent and harmony one serving other and every one themselves in the same labour. But now I intrude into your art, in which all pray (and see hopes) that God will give you a godly and prosperous knowledge, and then all other arts shall prosper under it.

But the popular little sportsman prince came to an untimely end four years afterwards, and when his

younger brother Charles was on the throne the 'commonwealth' (fateful and prophetic word!) was anything but a well-tun'd song.

Ultimum Vale contains six solo songs, followed by some duets and four-part ayres, including *Think'st thou, Kate, to put me down*, which, though too frank a piece of humour for the modern concert-platform, has one of the best tunes Jones ever wrote—and all within the compass of a fifth!

Ex. 4.

Think'st thou, Kate, to put me down With a no or
with a frown? Since love holds my heart in bands I must
do, I must do, I must do as love com-mands.

Having taken his 'last farewell' of the musical public the composer must have caused a certain amount of amusement when he came out with yet another book of songs within a twelve-month. One is reminded of certain 'farewell' concerts of modern times; and of Mr. Max Beerbohm who followed up his *Works with More, Yet again, And even now*. The excuse which Jones puts forward in the dedication (to Sir John Levinthorpe) of *A Muscull Dreame, Or the Fourth Booke of Ayres* is sufficiently humorous:

It is not unknown unto your well-deserving self, Right Worshipful, that not long since I took my *Ultimum Vale*, with a resolving in myself never to publish any works of the same nature and fashion; whereupon I betook me to the ease of my pillow, where *Somnus* having taken possession of my eyes and *Morpheus* the charge of my senses, it happened me to fall into a musical dream wherein I chanced to have many opinions and extravagant humours of divers natures and conditions, some of modest mirth, some of amorous love, and some of most divine contemplation. All these, I hope, shall not give any distaste to the ears or dislike to the mind, either in their words or in their several sounds, although it is not necessary to relate or divulge all dreams or phantasies that opinion begets in sleep or happeneth to the mind's apparition.

But he had evidently come in for some hostile criticism since his last publication, for in place of the usual address to the reader we have here a page of savage invective against his detractors which even Mr. Josef Holbrooke could scarcely surpass:

TO ALL MUSICAL MURMURERS

THIS GREETING

Thou, whose ear itches with the variety of opinion, hearing thine own sound, as the echo reverberating others' substance, and unprofitable in itself, shows to the world comfortable noise, though to thy own use little pleasure by reason of uncharitable censure—I speak to thee, musical *Momus*, thou from whose nicety numbers as easily pass as drops fall in the shower, but with less profit. I compare thee to the highway dust that flies into men's eyes and will not thee without much trouble, for thou in thy dispersed judgment not

only art offensive to seeing knowledge but most faulty false to deserving industry, picking motes out of the most pure biss and smoothing the plainest velvet when only thine own opinion is more wrinkled and more vicious in itself than grosser soil, so that as a brush infected with filth thou rather soilest than makest perfect any way. I have stood at thine elbow and heard thee profane even music's best note and with thy untun'd relish Sol Fade most ignobly. I am assured, and I care not greatly, that thou wilt lay to my charge my whilom vow 'never again' because I promised as much; but understand me, thou unskilful descant, derive from that note of plain song charitable numbers and thou shalt find harsh voices are often a note above *E la* reduced by truer judgment, which I beareave thee of, knowing thy rules are as our new-come lutes, being of many strings, not easily used, unless in adventure, till practise put forward into deserving division. This my adventure is no deed but a dream, and what are dreams but airy possessions and several ayres, breathing harmonious whisperings: though to thee discord, yet to others indifferent—I will not say excellent because it is another's office, not mine. But let them be as they are, others' profits and my pains, set forth for pleasure, not for purposed poison to infect imagination, no, but as a shower falling in a needful season, so I flatter myself at least and will say so ever by any other whose labour shall uplift musical meditation, the only wing of true courage being the most pleasing voice of man whose sweetness reacheth unto heaven itself. It is hard if all this pains reap not good commendations, and it is water wrung out of a flint in thee sith thou never thinkst well of any and wert in thyself so unskilful ever as thy tutor from the first hour could never make thee sing in tune. Be as thou art, a lump of deformity without fashion, bred in the bowels of disdain, and brought forth by bewitch'd *Megara* the fatal midwife to all true merit.

Give me leave to depart, or if not, without it I am gone, careless of thy censuring and fully persuaded thou canst not think well and therefore art curst in thy cradle never to be but cruel, and being born with teeth in thy head bist every one harmless in this or what else honest industry makes thy ear gossip too.

Farewell if thou wilt in kindness, or hold thyself from further carping.

This book contains seven duets, eleven four-part ayres, and three solo songs, two of which have Italian words. In one of the duets occurs a reference to a very curious superstition that seems to have been current at the time, to the effect that 'she that dies a maid must lead an ape in hell.' It is first mentioned in Lyly's *Euphues* (published in the middle of the reign of the Virgin Queen!), and crops up no fewer than four times in the song-books, viz., in Maynard's *XII. Wonders of the World*, Corkine's *Second Booke of Ayres*, Campian's song of the 'Fairy Queen Proserpina' in the Rosseter book, and in the *Musical Dreame*. Its origin has yet to be explained.

Jones's last publication was another book of solo songs, *The Muses' Gardin for Delights*, which appeared in 1610. The dedication to the Lady Wroth, daughter of Sir Robert Sidney by his first wife, begins thus:

Most honoured Lady, my eldest and first issue having thriv'd so well under the protection of your right honourable father, blame not this my youngest and last babe if it desirously seek sanctuary with yourself, as being a most worthy branch from so noble and renowned a stock . . .

and continues in the conventionally panegyrical manner. The fit of spleen against the critics

seems to have passed off, for this time the preface is addressed *To the friendly Censurers*:

Dear friends, for so I call you if you please to accept my good meaning, I presented you last with a Dream, in which I doubt not but your fantasies have received some reasonable contentment; and now if you please to be awaked out of that Dream, I shall for your recreation and refreshing guide you to the MUSES' GARDEN where you shall find such variety of delights that questionless you will willingly spend some time in the view thereof. In your first entrance into which Garden you shall meet with Love, Love and nought but Love, set forth at large in his colours by way of deciphering him in his nature. In the midst of it you shall find Love rejected upon inconstancy and hard measure of ingratitude; touching them that are lovers, I leave them to their own censure in Love's description. And now for the end, it is variable in another manner for the delight of the ear to satisfy opinion. I am not so arrogant to commend mine own gifts, neither yet so degenerate as to beg your toleration. If these delights of flowers or variety of fruits may any way be pleasing to your senses, I shall be glad. Otherwise I will vow never to set, sow, plant or graft, and my labours henceforth shall cease to trouble you. If you will needs mislike, I care not: I will prevent your censures and defy your malice. If you despise me, I am resolute: if you use me with respect, I bid you most heartily

Farewell,
R. J.

Twelve songs from this book, representing Jones at his best and blithest are now available in print. Apart from their entrancing tunes, they are remarkable for the number of false relations and other harmonic piquancies they contain. The following quotation provides a good example, as well as illustrating—in the cadence preceding the change of time-signature—a triple rhythm within the framework of the duple metre:

Ex. 5.

That once was high and got a . . . fall,

O wil-low, wil-low, wil - low!

In 1614 Jones contributed three numbers to Sir William Leighton's *Tears or Lamentations of a Sorrowful Soul* (he had, in 1601, also contributed a madrigal to *The Triumphs of Oriana*). Otherwise, he gave no music to the world after 1610. In this year we find him associated with Philip Rosseter and two others as a director of the Children of the Queen's Revels, the company of juvenile actors for whom Ben Jonson wrote

Cynthia's Revels and *The Poetaster*. This was doubtless the company referred to with some acrimony in *Hamlet* (II., 2):

... there is, Sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—as they call them—that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Six years later a patent was granted to the four partners to erect a theatre on the site of the house, near Puddle Wharf, Blackfriars, where Jones was then residing. The house was pulled down and the theatre was well on the way to completion when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city, growing alarmed at the increasing number of the theatres, raised an agitation against the project which resulted in a royal edict ordering that the theatre be forthwith dismantled. After this we hear no more of Robert Jones, nor do we know when and where this genial person (in the English and German senses of the word) died and was buried.

SOME CZECHOSLOVAK CHORAL WORKS

By ROSA NEWMARCH

I.

VÍTĚZLAV NOVÁK'S *STORM*, OP. 42

Among a people so addicted to choral singing as the Czechoslovaks, an effective and well-balanced cantata is sure of appreciation. The same may be said of this country. Yet, since the appearance of Dvořák's *The Spectre's Bride*, in 1882—a work we have almost come to regard as one of our own classics—not one cantata of Bohemian origin has found its way into our choral repertoires. Meanwhile Dvořák's successors have not been idle in this particular sphere of art. It is my object in these articles to call attention to a few highly-developed cantatas, modern in feeling, and, as regards choral technique, keeping step with the ever-increasing desire of singers and conductors for new difficulties to grapple with and overcome.

One of the first to follow in the footsteps of Dvořák was his pupil, Vítězslav Novák, now the Director of the Prague Conservatoire, who, in 1909, dedicated to the Brno Musical Society his setting of Svatopluk Cech's poem *Storm*. Novák has described his work as 'a Sea Fantasy for orchestra, soli, and mixed chorus.' Although Cech writes of the sea with the inherent authority of one who has lived much by its shores, yet his poem, which consists chiefly of lyrical numbers, offers considerable dramatic and graphic variety for musical treatment. Its main psychological themes are the passion of the Sea and the passion of Love: both made manifest in their many and complex moods. Novák, in spite of his Central European origin, is a sea-worshipper, and brings to his task impressions of visits to many coasts: the changeful Adriatic, the cold, grey, shallow waters of the Skagerrack, and the Atlantic rollers breaking on the shores of Brittany. *Storm* is almost a sea symphony with chorus *obbligato*.

The work is laid out for strings, three flutes, two oboes, cor Anglais, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, double-bassoon, six horns, three trumpets, three trombones, and tuba: a full complement of percussion, harp, pianoforte, and organ; solo soprano, tenor, baritone, bass, and chorus. The pianoforte is used as an orchestral instrument for many special and realistic effects, such as the tossing spray showers, the cracking of the whip in the slave's reminiscences, and so on.

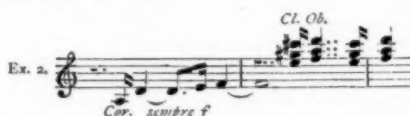
The musical form of the work is only partly conditioned by the requirements of the text, which contains a series of well-defined episodes for musical setting, while leaving the composer free to intersperse them with an equal number of symphonic interludes. The chief poetic episodes begin with the prayer of a maiden on shore for the safe return of her lover on the sea: this is followed by the chorus of the ship's crew, telling of the familiar sprite who dwells in the ship's hold and quits the vessel only when some catastrophe is imminent. Then the look-out boy, perched aloft, sings a gay and reckless ditty of the joys of sea-life. The maiden's lover (tenor) follows on with a song of yearning remembrance to his sweetheart ashore. And here the element of Love enters the drama. The youth's love is pure and loyal: but the poem contains another aspect of passion. An important episode which comes later deals with the unbridled desire of a black slave for his beautiful mistress. The approach of the storm—which affects the psychology of each individual in a different way—loosens the bonds of restraint. The slave sings deliriously of his love, and of a past in which he sat enthroned in purple in his far-off, desert kingdom. Amid this powerful, but somewhat repulsive, episode, the storm strikes the ship. The sailors, who believe her to be doomed because the familiar spirit has abandoned her, refuse to work the pumps. Now, amid the roaring of the elements, are heard snatches from all that has preceded this climax: the despairing cry of the lady as she reads her doom in the eyes of her ruthless slave, the last piping phrase of the look-out lad before the lightning shatters the mast, the lover's prayer to the Virgin ('Star of the Sea'), and the ribald chorus of the drunken sailors.

A long orchestral interlude separates this scene of anguish and destruction from the two final numbers. When the storm has abated, two longshore robbers, searching the beach for treasure, discover the lover's body and recognise him as the sweetheart of the girl whose cottage stands on the cliff above. The ruffians are not wholly evil, and forbear to steal the betrothal ring from the lover's finger, but push the body back into the sea. At the same moment they see the girl emerge from the cottage and throw herself into the waves. The text ends with a kind of requiem hymn ('O Star of the Sea').

The cantata opens with an orchestral introduction displaying at once the two basic themes of the work. The motive of Destruction is divided between the trumpets and trombones:



The purely minor tonality of this quotation is significant of Slovak folk-melody. The second motive, which immediately follows, is the fanfare of the Sea's Onset:



In the little rending figure for oboes and clarinets we hear a realistic echo of the sea-birds' cry. From these two strands is spun most of the complicated musical web.

The first sea picture is finely touched-in. We hear its confused and hollow roaring in the tremolos for basses and 'cellos. Then, still in the bass, an undulating figure appears, and the rushing waters spread through the whole orchestra, while the horn cries anxiously above the surge. The trombones recall softly, but emphatically, the motive of Destruction, and presently Exx. 1 and 2 come into conflict, the fanfare being used as figuration by the horns, while the motive of Destruction (Ex. 1) is given out in the mixolydian mode. And now above the sea-music floats these wordless, wailing chords, sung by a hidden choir:



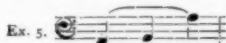
Like a distant cry for help they strike on the ear of the girl keeping vigil on shore, and wake her impassioned prayer: 'O Star of the Sea' (*Andante rubato, con molta passione*). In the first bar of her song the use of the augmented second is again reminiscent of the Slovak folk-tunes. After the first verse, Ex. 3 is heard again, and the prayer is resumed with even greater urgency than before. An instrumental interlude then leads us back to the sea and the heaving ship.

The rough humour of the Sailors' Chorus prevails, as they sing of the ship's gnome and his pranks. Novák has written this chorus in a primitive, realistic style. The seamen sing their song in unison and octaves, and only in the cadences full harmony is used. In the first interlude the curious harmony and jerky rhythm depict, no doubt, the antics of the gnome. After the last verse of the chorus, foretelling the destruction of the ship, the trombones bring back Ex. 1, with sinister effect, and a strange passage,

in which the pianoforte sounds like a submerged bell, is followed by a long, rapid ascent, as though illustrating the words, 'the sea yawned and gave up the dead which were in it.' At any rate, we now have the impression of mounting from the deep to the surface—and beyond, to the dizzy height where the lad in the look-out cradle sings, fearless of approaching danger. Here the orchestral colour grows more luminous and aerial. In the first interlude the wind whistles a warning; in the second, the assaulting fanfare (Ex. 2) is heard, but in distant perspective. After the completion of the song, the tempest breaks in fury, works up to a great climax, and dies down suddenly to give place to the tenor solo sung by the young lover, standing at the foot of the mainmast, where over a lamp hangs a little picture of the Virgin. Lost in his memories of love, the raging of the elements plays no part in the young man's song. Only in the interludes hints of the outer tempest are heard. The last verse of the solo is a supplication to the Virgin, and recalls the motive from the beginning of the maiden's prayer. The orchestra carries on the melody to a climax, and then a quiet passage leads to an entirely new orchestral episode, of such length and importance that it is almost a short symphonic poem in itself. The pageantry of the sea is exchanged for an inward dramatic monologue of which Love is the subject: love, tender and beautiful, working up through phases of ardour and longing to a sultry climax typical of the Oriental slave. Passion here becomes a veritable maelstrom of the senses, tearing down and gridding to desolation all that blocks its way. Novák now introduces a new theme, a version of a Slovak folk-song, *Laska, bože, laska* ('Love, O God, love, whither does it lead mankind?'):



The rich contrapuntal treatment of the above melody forms the material of this erotic section. The climax is worked up with a great variety of orchestral treatment. The change of measure from duple to triple time (*con fuoco ma non presto*) seems to mark the transition from love to uncurbed desire; and after the trumpets in a vehement *crescendo* have repeated the melody of the song, and passion reaches its zenith, the sea intermingles its voice with these human ardours. The fanfare (in diminution) dominates the music for a time, and then a short, sinister motive introduces the song of the slave (baritone):



This is in three sections; the first and the third corresponding to some extent, and the middle portion treated independently. At first the slave tries to lull the fears of his lady, who is horrified by the unholy gleam in his eyes. As the song proceeds, the storm at sea increases in intensity. At the verse in which the slave recalls his past, the composer, with a sudden change of style, accompanies the text with some clever Oriental music based on a characteristic scale: C, D, E flat, F sharp, G, A, B, C:



The storm soon resumes its fury. Ex. 1 now appears with increased urgency. The slave triumphs, but only in death, for soon the sea will sweep the deck and pour into the cabin:



The culminating section of the orchestral Love Interlude is again repeated, thus linking up the idea of ruinous passion with the malignity of the elements. The continuation of the music is then built upon Ex. 1 with the help of a new semi-quaver figure. In a rushing, upward passage the ship seems to rise to the crest of a giant wave. The wind laughs with evil mockery in a whole-tone scale. Catastrophe is at hand. The cook's boy rushes on deck, crying that the ship has sprung a leak. But the fatalistic seamen choose to meet

their doom in a drunken orgy. The motive of their first chorus about the ship's gnome now re-enters, and leaps about wildly in dissonant harmonies. Most of the thematic material with which we are familiar is recalled at this crisis. The lover's supplication to the Virgin is followed by a reference to Ex. 7, combined with the rough rhythm of the Sailors' Chorus. Above the crew's song the voices of the women on board are heard raising a despairing prayer to Our Lady. A stifled cry from the cabin. A bell strikes sharply the high A, accompanied by a rending, downward scale, announcing that the lightning has shattered the mainmast. Exx. 1 and 2 appear in triumphant splendour of orchestration; and again we hear the sliding whole-tone figure.

An orchestral intermezzo now depicts the gradual calming of the sea. The tempest has satiated itself. The harmless waves seem to dance in the passages for flutes and horns.

The dialogue between the two longshoremen is accompanied by references to the young lover's song. After witnessing the suicide of the unhappy maiden, their rough hearts are touched. 'Let us pray for them both,' cries the second land pirate, and shortly afterwards occurs a happy change to the serene key of B major. Soon, over the first of a series of pedals, beginning on D, the fanfare moves softly up and down against a sustained phrase for horns. Here the tonality is mixolydian (D major with C as seventh), and the same mode prevails at the beginning of the concluding chorus, of which the first verse is anticipated at this juncture by the brass over the pedal which has now dropped a semitone to C sharp. Again it drops to C natural, and this orchestral section ends beautifully with gently undulating passages over quiet chords. The sun seems to sparkle in the dancing figures for pianoforte, and from far away comes the sound of bells.

The final chorus is in three sections, and opens with a distinctly mixolydian colour. The treatment of the first verse is solid in its choral and instrumental texture. The second verse, in two-part imitation, has a slighter accompaniment in which flute and pianoforte predominate. When the words refer to the wrecked ship, the muted trombone gives out a husky and subdued reminder of Ex. 1. The chorus ends with an apostrophe to the Virgin, as *Stella Maris*, and, as it reaches its climax, the fundamental key of C major appears emphatically. In the brief orchestral epilogue, the cor Anglais sings the poignant melody of *Laska, bože, laska* over chords of the 6-4 played *tremolo* by the bass strings and carried down to the lowest C. A tender and tranquil version of Ex. 2, harmonized by the brass, brings the work to an end.

Storm belongs to Novák's full maturity, and is especially characteristic of certain aspects of his musical philosophy. It is the immediate predecessor of his cycle of poems for pianoforte, *Pan*, Op. 43, in which he strives still further to show the relationship between man and the

primary forces of nature, and forms a link in the logical development of his very personal art.

In a further article I hope to give some account of two quite recent cantatas: Vycpálek's *Last Things of Man* and Jaroslav Křička's *Temptation in the Wilderness*.

FRANCK'S ORGAN MUSIC

BY HARVEY GRACE

II

PRELUDE, FUGUE, AND VARIATION

The fugue is a form that does not fit easily into a cyclic scheme. Bach tried the three-movement plan, with the fugue as *finale*, but the experiment was not sufficiently successful to lead him to follow it up. Rheinberger ends a good many of his Sonatas with a fugue; splendid fugues they are too, but we feel that when the whole sonata is played at a sitting the fugue comes too late for full appreciation. Music so weighty and full of meat should come at the beginning of a half-hour's work, not at the end. There is less difficulty when a composer gets away from the traditional idea of an organ fugue. The form has taken on a new lease of life in late years because composers are making more of its possibilities on the lyrical and expressive side. (See as particularly good examples the E major, B major, and D minor of Saint-Saëns, the F minor of Dupré, and the very Brahmsian D minor of Stanford.) Franck's is a successful attempt to use the fugue as a kind of slow middle movement. He gives us (a) a genuine song without words, largely in three-part harmony, (b) a short four-voiced Fugue, slower in gait than the flowing *cantabile* of (a) and no less expressive, though in a more thoughtful way; and (c) a repetition of the Prelude, now called a variation—not quite correctly, seeing that the process of variation is confined to the accompaniment. This analysis ignores the nine-bar *Lento* that links the Prelude and Fugue, but the passage is redundant. True, it anticipates the fugue-subject, but as its nine bars contain three pauses, the work as a whole gains by the omission of such a marked pull-up.

This delightful work is a valuable study—a combination of trio-playing, melodic phrasing, and fairly simple fugal work. It has the further advantage of calling for no more resources than may be found in a good average small two-manual organ. There are no registration problems. In the Prelude and Variation the only change necessary is the bringing on of an 8-ft. or 4-ft. pedal stop at the point where the extension of the leaping figure that first appears in bar 16 is used as a bass. This figure, by the way, must be so phrased as to avoid squareness. If we think of the notes as being played on a stringed instrument and bowed in couples we cannot well go wrong.

The left hand has to cover a good deal of ground in the Variation, and the passage at the top of page 54 calls for special care. Here are the two

most troublesome bars, with suggested fingering—the least awkward of an awkward choice:

Ex. 1.



PASTORALE

The Pastorale is becoming a general favourite. Like the work just discussed, it is both a charming piece of music and a first-rate study in neatness and phrasing. Its reflective character and the fugal treatment of the characteristic little leaping figure take it well off the beaten track of the conventional organ pastorello. In the *Allegretto* the combination of the staccato chords and the twirling sextulet figure is difficult to play, and even more difficult to register tellingly and at the same time quietly. The figure is apt to become blurred. The transference of the left hand at this point to a second manual on which is a quiet 4-ft. (or even a very delicate 2-ft.) may save the situation, and clearness is helped by a slight retardation. The retarding has the further merit of making the constant succession of repeated chords less stiff in effect than they tend to become. The staccato must not be overdone, and the chords must be lightly registered, or they are likely to be aggressive. The effect should be a quiet throb. Technically the only other difficulty is in the last section, where the first subject has a new counter-theme above it. A big grasp of the keyboard is called for, and the fingering must not be left to chance. The texture is so delicate that the slightest slip wrecks it:

Ex. 2. *Ch.*

And great care is needed in the last page, where the left hand has some awkward two-part playing in semiquavers while the right plays a bell-like repeated octave above. These octaves, by the by,

should be played with a stop of the lieblich type, and 4-ft. tone should not be used unless it is very delicate.

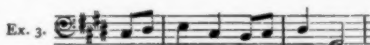
Most organ composers, great and small—especially small—have contributed to the long line of organ pastorales, and the road is strewn thick with platitudes. Only a really great man could write one so fresh and yet so engagingly simple as this. And Franck himself never gave us anything more delicious than the closing section, with its mellow peace and hints of bells.

PRIÈRE

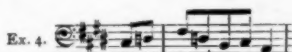
Here is a work that can never have a wide vogue. It is long and very difficult, and the difficulties are of the kind that are apparent only to the player—a fatal defect from a recitalist's point of view. Moreover, much of it is almost repellant on first acquaintance. Not often is the hearer in the mood for so deliberate an exposition of spiritual struggle. Its liberal use of complex five- and six-part writing and its general sombreness, make it a modern counterpart of Bach's great Prelude on *Aus tiefer noth*. But whereas Bach ends with the major key well established, and with a rhythm expressive of confidence, if not of joy, Franck, after a soaring passage or two, closes in gloom, with a kind of fatigued recitative.

The opening is unusual—thirty bars of five-part writing for manual alone, generally low on the keyboard, with 8-ft stops only. There are so many awkward stretches in this passage that players with small hands will do well to put in the pedal stops, couple up the manual, and let the feet lend a hand, so to speak.

The pedals make their entry proper with a two-bar phrase delivered *solus*:



—a squarish and unpromising motive. But let the student of composition see what the composer does with it. Franck tries it antiphonally between treble and bass a few times, as if doubtful of its possibilities. He then hits on this variant:



which leads naturally to a delightful triplet figure. This is used sequentially for a dozen bars, with modulations from A major, through B minor, C sharp minor, to G sharp minor, thus:

Ex. 5.





The long passage in octaves on page 76 is also a derivative of Ex. 3, and on pages 78 and 79 its first three notes are used as a kind of muttering *ostinato*, first in the left hand, then in the pedal, while a climax (of emotion, not of power) is being developed overhead. And even then Franck has not finished with it. You will find it on page 79 being worked in two of the six parts—in the treble and in the left-hand part as a triplet figure. All this portion of the work is very difficult—perhaps as difficult as anything in Franck's organ works, which is saying a good deal. And, as in the Quintet Franck strains his medium almost to breaking point, at times using an idiom suggestive of the orchestra rather than of a chamber music combination, so here he asks rather more than can be managed with comfort by an average pair of hands and feet. Bach's Prelude on *Aus tiefer noth*, difficult as it is, presents us with no wide stretches, and with no such problems in cross-rhythms as are met with here on several pages. For a sample, take this, from the major version of the main subject on page 77 :

Ex. 6.



and in a different style, this extract from the troubled passage that follows :

Ex. 7.



From this welter emerges a strain so ecstatic as to recall the best pages of *The Beatitudes*. Playing it, one seems to be walking on air. Yet, if we reduce the music to its elements, we shall say (hastily) there is nothing in it; mostly it is a mere glorification of the chord of C sharp major over a bass that moves obliquely in widening leaps—a favourite melodic shape with Franck, as will be seen again and again in this set of pieces. Here is a quotation from this soaring strain :

Ex. 8.



There are many other points in this truly fine work calling for attention, but the student who has gone

thus far with me will, I hope, be keen enough to go farther on his own account. I will mention only one feature—the canonic treatment of the opening subject at its reappearance on pages 76 and 77. One comes back to the stern harshness of this again and again, whereas the slithering chromaticism of a good deal of the first and second *Chorals* soon becomes irritating. I make this comparison because it is typical of the superiority of this middle-period music over Franck's last work, the *Chorals*. This is not to belittle the latter. As we shall see when we come to discuss them, they are among the most beautiful organ works ever written. But they contain patches of mere meandering, whereas the Six Pieces, despite their length, are as a whole direct and diatonic. Even when there is a tendency to over-development (as in the *Prière* and the *Final*) it is not easy to point to matter that can be spared.

The registration of the *Prière* is troublesome, if we attempt to go by Franck's directions. His change of manuals is often awkward—sometimes occurring in the middle of a held note. The best plan is to work out a scheme of one's own. The bulk may well be played on the Swell, with an occasional bit of soloing on the Great, and with a Choir 8-ft. and 4-ft. held in reserve for coupling to the pedals when a melody has to be brought out in the bass. Save for a few odd bars, the phrasing is not marked, so the player will be well advised to think it out and put in a few pencil reminders. The extreme stretches may call for modification in one or two instances. For example, in Ex. 6 the right hand may play the last quaver E sharp an octave higher. In bars 9, 11, and 13, on page 72, the right hand may well take over the higher notes of the left-hand passage. The danger spot in bar 1 of page 72 may be made safe by the right hand playing the quaver A sharp before dropping on to its crotchet on the Great. There is room in this piece for a good deal of variation in time, always provided it be well graded. The frequent use of the pedal for melodic purposes calls for care both in phrasing and in choice of pedal stops—quiet, but telling.

A 'cut' is possible. By changing the chord in bar 4 of page 74 into a dominant seventh on G sharp, we may go on easily and naturally to the resumption of the main theme at bar 11 on page 76. The time saved is about two and a-half minutes. The two pages omitted are undoubtedly the least important, though their *recitative* character is striking. On the whole, we should try to find time to play the work as it stands. Think of the slush usually written for the organ under the title 'Prayer'—music to which neither heart nor brain have contributed—and be thankful for such an example as this, the product of both.

The student who really works up this exacting piece will find his finger technique greatly benefited, and, so far as the management of cross-rhythms is concerned, if he can tackle pages 77-79 with assurance, complications of the kind will have few terrors for him.

FINAL

The *Final* in B flat is sometimes objected to as being commonplace; even that ill-used and misunderstood word 'vulgar' is often shot at it. Certainly its liberal dose of such elementary devices as repeated chords, and its straightforward—even conventional—figures and rhythms, seem to justify the charge. Yet there are virtues that more than compensate. There is splendid development, unflagging vigour and animation, and genial tunefulness. The piece is dedicated to Lefébure-Wély, and Franck seems to have set out to write in the idiom of that popular composer. But he was now at the beginning of his prime, and so he could do no more than serve up some extremely Franckian matter with a dash of the Lefébure-Wély manner. The big, sweeping tune of the opening—perhaps the finest pedal solo ever written—the development on pages 89-92, the broad, yet simple, second subject (in which the sharp-loving Franck outdoes himself by writing in A sharp major), and the crashing *Coda*: all these things are well outside the Lefébure-Wély field. (The Wélyish passages on pages and that look so thin—and sound so on the pianoforte—are of course written with an eye to the fattening effect of doubles and sub-octave couplers.)

The work is perhaps a few pages too long, the pedal solo being so extended an affair that its repetition has a weakening effect.

The bulk of the music is evolved from the opening phrase of the pedal solo, the triplet figure of the passage into which the solo leads, and a simple phrase that recalls the *Eroica* Symphony. Here are these three constituents:

Ex. 9.

(a)

(b)

(c)

The possibilities of the first six notes are obvious, and Franck makes the most of their martial rhythm. The triplet figure is used for several pages on end, chiefly as an accompanimental figure. The *Eroica* theme makes its appearance on page 86 almost unnoticed, as a mere bass to some busy work with (a) overhead:

Ex. 10.

But on page 88 it sails out as the commencement of a splendid subject that goes on for about thirty bars, accompanied by a four-note chime :

Ex. 11.



Its combination with the triplet figure on page 91 is delightful. The triplets on page 92 over the pedal solo theme lead to cross-rhythm difficulty; the left-hand part, with the crotchets firmly held, makes a capital finger-stretching exercise. But very few players will be able to grasp the tenths in the left-hand part in the last line of page 90. The solution is to play the E with the pedal an octave higher than written (so as to produce an 8-ft. effect), joining up the triplets neatly, thus :

Ex. 12.



An increase of pace towards the end seems to be justified. The direction at the start is *Allegro maestoso*. There is a good deal in the work that calls for *maestoso*, but the more slender material of pages 93-95 needs pace rather than weight. The best thing to do with such an expression of sheer high spirits is to get along with it. Yet even here we must find time to note and bring out some admirable touches. Take this passage for example :

Ex. 13.
Allegro.

Ex. 14.

We know that the top part is a derivative of the pedal solo, but we shall not make the most of the passage if we fail to observe also that the little two-note ejaculations in the bass and left-hand parts are allusions to :

with which the piece opened. Sluggish or unrhythmical playing of these under-parts changes a delightful passage into a merely ordinary one. This splendid (and in parts decidedly Beethovenish) work repays any amount of study. Is it 'vulgar'? Perhaps; yet there are kinds and degrees of vulgarity. We should have no use for the commonplace expression of commonplace thought, which produces either sloppy sentiment or animation of a purely external type. This *Final* is on another plane. It belongs to the Beethoven *Scherzo* tribe—the work of a great man who can relax and jest and still show his quality. He can come down from his pedestal without making us think, disappointedly, 'What a come-down!'

(To be continued.)

AN AMATEUR ON CRITICS

BY ROBERT LORENZ

Somewhere a breeze has been blowing—to judge from the February 'Sharps and Flats'—on the subject of musical critics, and I am very sorry to have missed it. From the quotations given, however, it is possible to reconstruct more or less accurately this familiar domestic quarrel. As usual, the critics are on the defensive; and, as usual, also, the prosecuting parties are not the general public (who alone have the right) but those who owe the critics most—the composers and performers. Here, on the one hand, is a composer uttering a pious hope that musical criticism will play no part in the newspaper patronised by the loyal flock of a South London theatre, and, on the other, a performer telling us to remember that critics in this country are mostly

disappointed men, hardly earning enough to keep body and soul together. To myself, as an unprejudiced spectator holding a brief for neither party, the opinion just quoted seems essentially untrue, or, if not untrue, at least misleading. If hard-uppishness is a disability, it is one from which many admirable composers and performers suffer no less than critics. And seeing how large a proportion of the world's finest music has been produced by men only just able to 'keep body and soul together,' we need not regard indigence as a sign either of incapacity or insincerity in a critic.

At the dinner given on January 21 in honour of Mr. Edwin Evans by a very representative gathering of composers (evidently not of the grouching kind) the guest of the evening is reported to have said that the musical world was now a federal republic. If this be so I can only conclude that the discussion on critics echoed in 'Sharps and Flats' took place before January 21. Misunderstanding would I think be once and for all prevented if it were made amply clear that critics are employed not by the members of the musical profession but by the general public. I don't know a critic worth his salt who cares two straws for aught composers or performers say about him provided he has stated his considered opinion in an honest manner. No critic can hope to be always right in estimating the future position which a given composer will hold, and he were a traitor to his craft if he abstained from uttering a sincerely felt adverse opinion simply because he might ultimately prove to be wrong. Hanslick, the famous Viennese critic, provides a good instance of a writer clinging to his convictions to the bitter end. He went hopelessly wrong over Wagner, but in other respects he was a singularly sensitive and discerning judge. I sometimes wonder whether he was so hopelessly wrong about Wagner after all, or rather whether present-day opinion on that composer has entirely confounded his own. In spite of the Wagner vogue, which is still largely a matter of fashion, it is illuminating to see how many competent musicians and sincere music-lovers have jumped straight from the classics to Debussy, Scriabin, Holst, and Stravinsky, via any route except that of the Weimar school.

It is quite clear, then, that a critic's ultimate reputation will depend little on the attitude he took in backing or discouraging contemporary composers, while as to his relations with the executioners of music, the latter cannot possibly have any ground for complaint, for, as was shown in the Adrian Beecham opera case, they are always prepared if necessary to turn black into white. I cannot imagine an editor being at all disturbed by infuriated letters from composers and performers who thought that the critic had done them an injustice. I can, however, imagine him taking very serious note of sufficiently numerous and unanimous remonstrances from his readers. And this takes us once more to the essential point that *we*, the amateurs or music-lovers, or whatever else you like to call us, are the real employers of the critics, we are the people they have to satisfy. I believe it is a fact that the circulation of one of our best-known Sunday papers would be depreciated by many thousands if its present music critic were to resign or if his work failed to maintain its standard. If, then, the point is clearly established that we have it virtually in our power to appoint and sack critics, perhaps the latter will find in future that it will pay them to study our requirements to a greater degree than they have done in the past.

Unfortunately, the true function of musical criticism has never been clearly understood in this country; and it is a fact, although an astonishing one, that music-lovers are content as a whole to accept as a critic anyone whose name appears sufficiently often in the Press. In this way a number of people who can write competently on theory, harmony, and musical instruction for the bairns, usurp a rôle for which they have not the most elementary qualifications. My own personal experience warrants me making this statement, as several people who have become familiar with my name through having seen it at the end of a few letters and articles, have, on being introduced, alluded to me as a critic, a statement which I always repudiate with some warmth. Quite probably a number of folk think that a man has only to pass an examination of some kind in order to emerge subsequently as a full-fledged critic able to dispense infallible advice on any musical subject under the sun. Then there are the harmony and sight-reading bogies which have certainly done much to put the position of musical criticism in a hopelessly wrong light. While it is no doubt a highly useful accomplishment to be able to read music with facility, and to know how the harmonic wheels of a certain passage go round, it does not necessarily follow that the possessor of these facilities is automatically the possessor of the critical faculty. Look at the organists! As a whole they have less critical acumen than any other class of musician, though their knowledge of sight-reading and harmony is often pronounced. As a rule they spend the greater part of their lives in the company of second-rate Church music of a type which is bound in the end to warp such real musical taste as they may have originally possessed.

The critics themselves have not been slow to make as much capital as possible out of the harmony and sight-reading bugbears, and one of them has even gone so far as to state that the armchair and not the concert-hall is the place for *his* musical enjoyment. Up to a certain point this may be quite true, but my colleagues of the general public will I think do well to regard as sheer leg-pulling any attempt on the part of a critic to pretend that he can 'take in' the sound of a forty-stave orchestral score better in his chair than in his stall. A knowledge—or, rather, the gift—of score-reading is very useful for studying the details of a work either before or after a performance, but the endeavour to hoodwink the public into an attitude of reverence for the super-sight-reader would be monstrous were it not so amusing. Ask the composers of modern scores (as I have done) about the ability of Mr. M. or N. to keep a private orchestra in his head free of charge, and hear what they say! The harmony fad has gone out of fashion lately for the simple reason that in the case of most contemporary works the harmony entirely defies the usual academic text-book elucidation. What's the use of talking about 'a swift reversion to the tonic' when there is only an atonic blur to start off with?

If I have written somewhat outspokenly on these matters, it is because, having heard much music and pondered incessantly on what I have heard, and having in addition devoted a good deal of time to reading of the circumstances in which many of the greatest masterpieces have been produced, I have come to rely on my own judgment to a certain extent, and no longer consider myself necessarily wrong about a given work because an eminent critic thinks otherwise. There comes a time in the life of every more or less cultured music-lover when he feels that

he has got to see the thing through himself, and that the most helpful criticism is not that which asserts categorically that such and such a work is a masterpiece, but that which is written with a love and enthusiasm which sweeps all before it. If those who really have the right to call themselves critics could confine themselves to writing about the music for which they have an almost unqualified admiration, we, their readers, would certainly be much happier. In any case it can hardly be doubted that it is this quality of enthusiasm which distinguishes the true critic from the mere journalist. A new and intelligent enthusiasm over a Bach Chorale-Prelude, a Beethoven Sonata, or a Brahms Symphony is of permanent value, which is more than can be said of a facile exploitation of new stunts (in reality old *clichés*) for the sake of keeping abreast of the times. The future can take care of itself; it is the past which we have constantly got to revalue from the fresh angle of recent developments. One of the reasons why most of us are now so heartily sick of the supposedly new æsthetic underlying the Stravinsky 'school' is that many of its disciples are quite unable to persuade us that they have as good a grip on their subject as it has on them. Such slogans as the 'juxtaposition of sonorities' could only flourish in a country in which the musical public had practically given up all attempt to think for itself, and had delivered itself up body and soul to any impostor who could wrap up an old formula in a new covering. As if, for instance, any series of sound vibrations from the braying of an ass to the Air on the G string could be anything else but a juxtaposition of sonorities! I am not suggesting for a moment that the better works of Stravinsky do not contain valuable evidence of a rather speculative groping towards new ideas, but I do deny most emphatically that the merit of these works can be appreciated only after you have spring-cleaned your mind of all prior associations.

Here again, then, you can distinguish between critic and journalist. The former, with the experience of musical history behind him, will carefully sift what he considers the wheat from the chaff, and pronounce a verdict based on the proportion of the one to the other. A given work might yield him the proportion of three-quarters chaff to one quarter wheat. The existence of the latter element alone would suffice to make the journalist cry 'Manna!' but the critic will know that durability cannot be achieved from such a proportion. However good the scattered elements of wheat may be, he will finally come to regard the work as largely experimental and certainly ephemeral. Later on, he will say, a bigger man will come whose best ideas will be no better than the best of this composer, but whose far greater brain power will enable him to keep going at a much higher level of intensity.

In a word, let us be sparing in our bestowal of the word 'critic' on anyone who cannot bring the same intelligence to bear on the music of the past as on that of the future. All art developments must of necessity be evolutionary, and it needs only time to show that artists who were once considered revolutionary ultimately fall quite logically into the scheme of things. They are like planets with their satellites: at first all attention is focussed on the newly discovered planet, but when it has become sufficiently familiar people begin to scan the space that intervenes between the newcomer and the existing order only to find it a dense mass of satellites. Thus, Berlioz was once considered an isolated planet with

practically no connection with anything that had gone before; but a closer study of the period in which he lived (and even more of the period preceding his birth), shows us that the mass effects in which he subsequently wallowed were very much in vogue at the time, and were successfully exploited by Méhul and Lesueur, both of whom derived from Gluck. In this way we find that Berlioz was after all only a link in the chain which is still being forged, and which will continue to be forged so long as the art of music exists. Hans Sachs's 'Despise not the Masters!' might well be the motto of every intelligent writer on music. He who disregards it may fill many columns of print in so doing, but he will not be a critic.

The Musician's Bookshelf

My Life. By Emma Calvé (translated by Rosamond Gilder).

[D. Appleton & Co., New York and London. 15s.]

This book is a marked improvement on the average *prima donna* autobiography, in that it shows the author to be possessed of a strong sense of humour. She tells some capital stories with gusto, and some of the best are against herself. We like especially the account of a humiliating experience of her early days, when, on the occasion of her revisiting her native village, the mayor rang the tocsin, called the peasants from the fields, assembled them before the Town Hall, and told them he had summoned them to hear 'a little nightingale of these parts. It will sing to you from this very window. Listen well [he said] and I am sure you will acclaim our accomplished compatriot, Mlle. Emma.' The reader naturally expects the peasantry to be duly overcome, but as a matter of cold fact they received Mademoiselle's efforts in dead silence. Astonished and hurt, the singer went down and buttonholed an old shepherd friend:

'Blaise,' I said, 'what's the matter? Why don't you applaud me? Did I sing as badly as all that?'

The old man was hardly able to hide his emotion.

'Poor child, poor little girl,' he stammered, his voice breaking with tears. 'How you scream! How it must hurt you! You are wearing out your life! You are wearing it out! Such waste of strength! It's dreadful.'

Humiliating, too, was the episode of the padded calves at her first performance as Cherubino in *Figaro* at the Monnaie, Brussels. Gawky and thin, she attempted to make good some of the more obvious of her physical deficiencies, and 'enormous calves of cotton swelled the dimensions' of her silken tights.

The old gentlemen in the front rows trained their opera glasses on these superb affairs. I was conscious of their attention and proud of my success until I left the stage at the end of my first scene. In the wings the infuriated director was waiting for me.

'Ah, ça!' he shouted, pointing to my unfortunate legs. 'What are those hideous lumps. I'd like to know? I am tempted to stick pins into them . . . Do you expect anyone to believe that those fat excrescences belong to you? Take them off instantly.'

It need hardly be added that the sensation caused by the calves was eclipsed by that roused by their absence in the next scene. Poor Calvé tried to hide those spindle shanks with her cloak, but in vain. She doubts if she ever afterwards created so much excitement at the Monnaie as she did on that painful night.

Calvé is generous in her appreciations of fellow artists. She tells some good yarns about them, too. Here is one she got from her teacher, Madame Laborde, concerning Patti's mother, 'apparently a most disagreeable woman':

One evening this fiery lady was singing with a companion who had false eyebrows. At that time it was the custom to shave the natural brows and glue on false ones at a more dramatic angle. Patti's mother, jealous and furious at the success of her comrade, began to stare at her fixedly.

'What is the matter?' the other whispered under her breath.

'Your right eyebrow has fallen off!' came the answer, *sotto voce*.

The poor victim, horrified, tore off her left eyebrow, and remained for the rest of the act with only her right one in place!

Of Lablache, she tells us that he was once staying at the hotel in which the dwarf General Tom Thumb was quartered. One day a lady came to call on Tom Thumb and entered Lablache's room by mistake.

She found herself face to face with the enormous singer, who, besides being very tall, was corpulent as well.

'I was calling on General Tom Thumb!' the astonished visitor stammered.

'I am he,' answered the giant, gravely.

The lady, thoroughly bewildered, protested in surprise. 'But, Monsieur, I was told that Tom Thumb was the smallest man in the world!'

'Ah, yes,' Lablache answered. 'That is true in public, but when I am at home I make myself comfortable!'

The book, however, is a good deal more than a collection of stories. It is a record, loosely strung together, of a strenuous life and a powerful personality. Aspirants to an operatic career will find much that is wise and helpful, notably in the chapter describing Calvé's work with her pupils. Here, speaking of someone objecting to her singing of a Beethoven song as being too expressive and too little restrained, on the ground that Beethoven was a classic, she quotes an admirable remark of Busoni: 'The classics are killed by respect.'

Finally, the best *mot* of this excellent book must be quoted. The witty and sharp-tongued Princess de Metternich said of Alboni (who in her later years was decidedly bulky), 'She looked like a cow that had swallowed a nightingale!'

C. W.

The Heart of Music. By Madame Anna Alice Chapin.

[Methuen, London.]

Madame Chapin attempts a very difficult task. No history, or story as the authoress calls it, of the violin enclosed within the limits of a hundred and eighty pages can hope to deal at all adequately with so vast a subject—unless perhaps it happens to be written in the terse, laconic style of the expert addressing an audience of experts. Madame Chapin's very genuine love for all that appertains, and for other things which do not appertain, to the violin has induced her moreover to give a share of her valuable space to lengthy anecdotes, to obvious fabrications and bits of hearsay, and to more or less poetic quotations which can neither add strength to her argument nor point to her story. She confesses herself unable to accept responsibility for the cock-and-bull tale of Monteverde breaking the bow across the fiddler's back, and discovering, after the fiddler

had somehow mended the damage, that the patched-up article was more suitable for *tremolo* than the perfect one. She tells—without reservation—the story of a violin of Paganini which, when being taken apart by the repairer, 'vibrated so violently that the strings emitted a harsh chord that sounded like a moan.' If the strings were taut enough to 'emit a chord' while the belly of the instrument was being separated from the body, the moan, we may be sure, came from the repairer. Now this sort of thing if it is bad history is also good gossip, and there is something to be said for a gossip on fiddles. Possibly this is what Madame Chapin had in mind when in the 'Prelude' she startles the reader with the paradox that 'a history of the violin must be a history of everything except the violin.' If this was her aim she would have been well advised to stick to her main theme and leave to others the epochs of 'primitive man as yet half beast, striving cumbrously toward his heritage of immortality,' of the god Thot, of the goddess Astarte, and the discoveries of Fo-Hi in 2950 B.C. These all have a just claim and a place in history. But 2950 B.C.—this is really taking us a little too far back, considering what a short, uncertain thing is human life, and how brief and anecdotal is the volume in question. Good gossip must resign unmistakably all pretence to historical value.

F. B.

Cathedral Organists, Past and Present. By John E. West.

[Novello & Co. 9s.]

This is a new and enlarged edition of a book that since its first appearance over twenty years ago has established itself as authoritative. It has other claims, however. A volume consisting of (to quote the title-page) 'A record of the Succession of Organists of the Cathedrals, Chapels Royal, and Principal Collegiate Churches of the United Kingdom, from about the period of the Reformation until the Present Day,' might easily prove to be a mere collection of dates and facts, correct but uninviting. But Mr. West saves the situation by carrying his scheme beyond the mere dry-as-dust. His title adds: 'With Biographical Notes, Extracts from the Chapter Books, Anecdotes, &c.' These extras make all the difference. The present writer has had Mr. West's book by him for some weeks. He has had no occasion to consult it on any matter of history, but has taken it up time after time for the mere pleasure of dipping into it and enjoying the pleasant glimpses into the past afforded by the copious anecdotes and extracts from old records. These throw vivid light on many things that the text-books and histories leave in the dark, and often help us to see as a personality some old worthy who hitherto may have been little more than a name. Sometimes he happens to have been an old unworthy. For example, opening the book at random we come across Thomas Mudd, who was organist at Lincoln for a very short time, apparently during 1662-63. Such a name is not easily lived down, and Thomas appears to have succumbed all too readily. On March 14, 1663 the Precentor wrote to the Dean complaining that Mudd had been so 'debauched,' and had so interfered with 'Mr. Derby [an organ-builder who seems to have been engaged at the time on some repairs at the Cathedral] that he will hardly be persuaded to stay to finish his worke unless Mudd be removed.' Bad as Mudd was when 'debauched,'

he was worse when getting over it, for two days later the Precentor complains :

Yesterday Mr. Mudd shewed the effects of his last weeke's timpling, for when Mr. Joyne was in the midst of his sermon Mudd fell a-singing aloud, insomuch as Mr. Joyne was compelled to stopp; all the auditorie gazed and wondered what was the matter, and at length some reere him, stopping his mouth, silenced him, and then Mr. Joyne proceeded: but this continued for the space of neere halfe a quarter of an houre. So that now wee dare trust him no more with our organ, but request you (if you can) to helpe us to another; and with what speed may be.

And there was Lloyd Raynor, another Lincolnite (1756-84), who wound up his career by being 'arraigned and reprov'd for playing one Anthem while Mr. Binns was singing another,' a feat that led to his being dismissed with a pension of £10 per year, which allowance was, however, discontinued after the first year.

But there is no lack of worthy men and fine musicians to set against the Mudds and Raynors. It is impossible to read Mr. West's book without being reminded of a fact too often forgotten, namely, that church music is the one branch of the art in which we have achieved continuity, and that the history of English church musicians is in a remarkable degree the history of English music. What a roll it is! From Tye and Tallis, via Gibbons, Byrd, Weelkes, and the rest to the Wesleys, and so down to the many admirable men of to-day who worthily fill their places. Despite a few weak periods, English Church music can boast a noble line that in length and general level has no peer. Mr. West is to be congratulated on an arduous task carried out with care and enthusiasm. H. G.

Prose Musicali. By Ario Tribel.

[C. U. Trani, Trieste. 6 lire.]

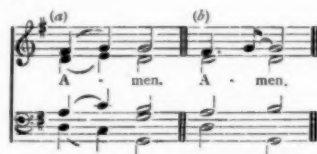
The chapters of this work bear the obvious impress of their origin—the daily newspaper. Signor Tribel is the musical critic of the *Piccolo* of Trieste, a journal devoting a good deal of intelligent attention to artistic matters. The *Piccolo* has yet another claim on our consideration, for almost as soon as Italy had declared for the western powers the Austrian rabble sacked and burnt the offices of the popular and courageous opponent of Austro-Germanic policy. And perhaps the political point of view should not be ignored by the reader of these articles—not because there is lack of sympathy for or generous appreciation of German music, but because the writer felt—unconsciously, perhaps—drawn towards those who first revolted against the hegemony of Germany in the music of the 19th century. The article on Debussy gives to the great Frenchman no more than his due, but the account Signor Tribel gives of Charpentier errs decidedly on the side of overpraise. The composer of *Louise* is for him the 'poet-musician' *par excellence*, 'the profound observer of the soul and the passion of the people, the robust champion of its aspirations and hopes.' We shall not deny that Charpentier is a poet-musician—far too much of a poet to be a simple musician, and far too much of a musician to be a good poet. Had he been more of an artist and less of a demagogue *Louise* would have had a worthier successor than *Julien*. The merit of certain original and effective strokes in *Louise*, considerable as it is, does not entitle Charpentier to a place in the first rank amongst modern composers.

Much more stimulating and individual are the papers in which the author studies the psychology of a public which breaks all continuity of dramatic action by untimely applause, the studies on Verdi, on Cimarosa, and the eloquent essay on 'Music in d'Annunzio's *Notturmo*.' F. B.

Church Music. By the Rev. Maurice F. Bell.

[Mowbray & Co. 3s. 6d.]

Mr. Bell's little book first appeared in 1909, and this is a revised and enlarged edition. It has the advantage of being the work of one who is a parish priest as well as a practical musician. As a result the most valuable chapters are those in which the liturgical aspect is discussed. A careful reading of Mr. Bell's findings would persuade incumbents and organists to reconsider a good many musical details, in themselves small, but in their cumulative effect fatal to the dignity and consistency that ought to distinguish a service. There are wise words, too, on the position of the organ and choir. In regard to the former the suggestions issued in 1904 by the Church Music Committee appointed by the Worcester Diocesan Conference are reprinted. A chapter on music for use at the Catechism lays stress on the importance of choosing only good hymns and tunes for children's services. This being so, we are sorry to see included as an appendix 'An Act of Faith, Hope, and Love,' set to music which is not only trivial in melody and rhythm but is not even well harmonized. One other inconsistency may be touched on. Mr. Bell gives good models of plain-song harmonization, and is careful to point out the importance of avoiding the use of too many chords. But in speaking of the *Amen* he harmonizes it as at (a):



The effect of the strong subdominant chord on the weak note is bad, and it tends to long-draw-out performance. And why three chords, when two will serve better? Surely the first G is best regarded as a mere anticipation of the final and treated as at (b).

Exception may be taken also to the use of the dominant sevenths in the harmonization of the *Pater Noster* on page 93. These are probably details that were in the 1909 edition and have escaped notice in the revision. The author carries a lot of weight in Church music circles, and we draw attention to these unsatisfactory details because of that fact, and also because we do not believe they really represent his present views. H. G.

Violin-Making and Repairing. By Robert Alton.

[Cassell & Co., Ltd. 1s. 6d.]

The ambition to make a fiddle is somewhat rare. Certainly we cannot well imagine fiddle-making as a serious rival to golf or photography. Yet the art is really most interesting, and any who have once visited a luthier's workshop must have felt the fascination exerted by violins in process of making. The well-grained blocks of wood, the wonderful

curves, the mystic *f* signs, and the white unvarnished instruments have each their special attraction for the layman. The house of Cassell, therefore, has done well to add to its admirable 'Work' Handbooks a little volume by Mr. Robert Alton explaining how a fiddle can be made. Mr. Alton is a maker of wide experience, and it is encouraging to have his assurance that with ordinary acquaintance of edge-tools and a little practice we can all become skilled fiddle-makers. Personally, being exceptionally clumsy with edge-tools of any kind, I have no ambition to rival Stradivari—much as I love violins and all that belongs to them. But there exist many persons who, I am told, are at a loss to know how to kill time. What better hobby could be found for them than violin-making, with its alluring possibilities of renown and profit, and its certain interest and reward? I feel sure that whoever faces the first obstacle and succeeds in making one fiddle, will not rest until he has made another and yet another. Here then is a new opportunity for handymen of all ages who find time, if it is only their spare time, hanging heavily on their hands. The chief requirements are three: care, patience, and, of course, Mr. Alton's handbook, which tells in a lucid and readable way what to do and how to do it. F. B.

New Music

SONGS

Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson are to be thanked for their volume of *Twenty-one English Ayres* (1598-1612), transcribed and edited from the original editions (Enoch). The composers represented are Robert Jones (about whom Mr. Philip Heseltine has much of interest to say in another part of this journal), Thomas Campion, Thomas Greaves, John Dowland, Michael Cavendish, Philip Rosseter, John Danyel, William Corkine, and everybody's prolific and unequal old friend, Anon. The editors have resisted the temptation to add to the original accompaniments, so we have merely the composer's lute and bass viol parts transferred to the pianoforte, with no alteration save in one or two cases where there was an obvious discrepancy between the basses of the two instruments. In some cases the note-values have been halved—a good plan, seeing that the use of the minim as unit is apt to be as fatal here as it has been in so much old choral music. On first acquaintance these accompaniments seem thin and meagre, but the hearer is soon converted. The fact is, our ears have been coarsened by the modern tendency to make the gruel thick and slab, and to leave nothing to the imagination. We have but to play these simple old accompaniments a few times to be convinced of their rightness. As a rule, too, their slenderness is due to the fact that they are in three-part harmony, the fourth part being supplied by the voice. But they do not lack melodic and other interest, especially in the slower songs. In the numbers that are obviously quick and light the composers had already advanced sufficiently far along the song-writer's track to realise that an attempt to do much more than provide a harmonic background to a rapidly-moving voice-part is likely to end in fussiness—a principle that is too often forgotten by song composers of to-day. I am glad the editors have refrained from bowdlerising

the harmonies. Not so many years ago an editor who left the false relations and other dissonances untouched would have felt called on to justify himself by saying (as was actually said by Prout in a similar connection) that we have to take our great composers as we take our wives—for better, for worse. Or he might have quoted Cromwell's 'Paint me as I am—warts and all!' There is a difference here, however. Warts are always warts—though they matter little on a great man. But these dissonances, that a half-century ago would have been regarded as blemishes and smoothed away, are now not merely tolerated; they are in many cases enjoyed. The warts, in fact, have become beauty spots. I mention one example only from this book. In Rosseter's *When Laura smiles*, the voice part of bar 4 runs down the lower half of the scale of D minor, the F natural following hard on the heels of F sharp in the accompaniment. (The pace is quick.) In an edition of this song published about twenty years ago the false relation was removed. Yet only a few hearings are necessary to make one feel that this close capping of the major by the minor is as engaging a pungency as many an elaborate harmonic adventure of to-day. It would be easy to quote other examples of this successful daring, but space forbids. I must, however, draw attention to the version of *The willow song* (the simple accompaniment of which is a delight), and two very fine songs of Dowland, *I saw my lady weep* and *In darkness let me dwell*. In both, especially the second, there is a poignant intensity that makes us agree with the opinion expressed in some quarters that Dowland is among the world's great song composers. A word of praise is due to the excellent preface and biographical notes. The title-page calls this book 'Vol. 1.' We hope that this implication of more to follow will be realised—and soon.

The writers of first-rate nonsense verses are rare. There are Stevenson, Belloc, Norman Gale, and a few others. To these few must now be added Hugh Chesterman, whose album of five *Nonsense Songs*, with illustrations by the author and music by Stanley Marchant, has just been published by Novello. Mr. Chesterman has the knack of it, without a doubt—a whimsical idea, as appealing to grown-ups as to kiddies, a neat turn of rhyme, and a genuinely funny rhythm, as, for example, in the clattering verses about 'Sir Nickety Nox.' And in 'Yesterday' there is even a touch of poetry. The illustrations are delightfully quaint. Dr. Marchant has set these rhymes to appropriately straightforward music, for medium voice, with just enough descriptive touches to back up the words without underlining them.

Messrs. Chester have just issued a series of Russian songs of more than ordinary interest—Moussorgsky's *Song of the Flea*, for baritone, with Russian, French, and English words; Malashkin's *O could I but express in song*, in high and low keys, with English words; *The Song of the Volga Boatmen* (the version being that of which Chaliapin has lately made so fine a gramophone record), with Russian and English text; 'Parassia's Day-Dream,' from Moussorgsky's *The Fair of Sorochintsi*, for high voice, with Russian, French, and English words; and two extracts from *Boris Godounov*—the Monologue of Boris and the Coronation Scene. The former has Russian, French, and English text, the latter English only. The Coronation Scene, of course, lends itself to effective performance by a large choir and orchestra, with bass solo. A note.

from the publishers mentions, as an interesting point in connection with these songs, that they appear to be the first examples of English music-engraving in which the original Russian text has been included. The innovation is worth noting at a time when we hear so much about music-engraving orders being placed abroad. As a matter of fact, English engravers have for some time past been producing full scores and smaller works, such as these beautifully printed songs, in which the craftsmanship is at least the equal of anything that has come from the Continent during recent years.

H. G.

OPERAS AND CHORAL WORKS

The success of an opera depends so largely on production and acting that new works of the kind cannot be reviewed in the ordinary sense of the word. All that can be done is to inform those interested that the score is obtainable, and to give a rough idea of the style.

Little need be said about *She Swoops to Conquer*, a comedy-opera in three Acts and four scenes. Alfred Kalisch has based the libretto on the familiar comedy of Goldsmith, the music is by Percy Colson, and, judging from the vocal score, the setting has the right lightness and simplicity (Bosworth).

Nicholas Gatty's *Prince Ferelon*, or *The Princess's Suitors*, is on more modest lines, being in one Act, and described as a musical extravaganza. It has already been performed at the 'Old Vic' (in 1921), and other performances are announced at the same theatre (March 1 and 3), so readers have an early opportunity for making acquaintance with it. It appears the very thing for amateur companies who wish to get off the usual track (Carnegie Collection: Stainer & Bell).

Malipiero's *Orfeo*, a one-Act 'rappresentazione musicale,' is a short satirical affair, characteristically spicy as to the music, and with very evident possibilities. It is a kind of play within a play, or rather within two or three, showing the effect of a highly artificial puppet-show on three audiences of different type—a court assembly, a gathering of pedants, and a group of children. It need hardly be said that the children score, and the courtiers and pedants are scored off. The vocal score contains Italian and French texts (Chester).

Much has lately been written about *Polly*, so it will suffice to say that the vocal score has been issued by Boosey, and that, whether one goes to a performance or not, a copy will be a source of constant pleasure to all who still have a palate for good tunes well served up. Frederic Austin's work in this way is a model.

Messrs. Curwen have issued a setting for women's voices and orchestra of choruses from the *Choephori* of Æschylus, by W. G. Whittaker. The music was written for performances of the first two parts of Æschylus's trilogy *The House of Atreus* at Aberdeen University in 1920. But it may well be used for concert purposes, provided the text be printed in the programme and certain link-passages recited. The score is for full orchestra, but a separate version may be had for strings and drums. The music has a kind of lean vigour that is attractive in itself, as well as fitting for its dramatic purpose. It is decidedly Holstean in some respects. Girls' schools and training colleges where there is a good choir (not afraid of discords and consecutive fifths) could make much of this work.

H. G.

HYMN BOOKS

J. S. Bach's Original Hymn-Tunes for Congregational Use, edited with notes by Charles Sanford Terry (Milford), is a collection that will hardly serve the purpose indicated in the title. The music is as a whole too ornate for congregational use, and a good many of the melodies cover too wide a range. These fine tunes have such unusual metres that Dr. Terry had some difficulty in providing them with English texts. In some cases he has adopted the questionable expedient of interpolating words or omitting a line. The result is not happy; for example, the last line of each verse of a well-known hymn of Henry Collins reads, 'O make me love thee ever more and more,' instead of 'O make me love thee more and more.' And a couple of syllables are thrust into the second line in 'There is a blessed home Beyond this land of sin and woe.' The conservatism of congregations in such matters is well known, and the organist who attempts to use an unfamiliar tune of Bach to such hymns, and at the same time asks the faithful to add or subtract words, will meet trouble. The collection is best suited to the library, though it may well be used as a supplemental tunebook by choirs for special purposes. In any case the study of this fine music will do them good.

Dr. Terry has also brought together *Six Plain-song Melodies harmonized by Bach*, and edited for use in churches (Curwen). In a prefatory note he says that the collection contains all melodies of the type treated by Bach in which 'the plainsong character is apparent.' But where is the 'Veni, Creator,' on which Bach wrote a couple of chorale preludes? Dr. Terry includes 'Komm Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott,' but seems to have overlooked 'Komm, Gott, Schöpfer, Heiliger Geist,' a tune which is far more familiar to English people—one of the few plainsong tunes, in fact, which the bulk of English church-goers really know. Bach made no bones about turning these old melodies into chorales; he made fine music of them, but he kept very little of the plainsong flavour.

The *Winchester Hymn Supplement* is a small collection put forth by a body working under the authority of the Bishop of Winchester as a Diocesan Church Music Committee. It is divided into three parts: (1) for adults; (2) for older children; and (3) for young children. The committee has drawn liberally on the *English Hymnal*. Words and tunes are issued in separate booklets, the tunes being indicated in most cases at the head of each hymn. References are also made to suitable tunes in standard hymnals. It is a pity that neither words nor tunes are provided with indications as to the metre. Half the trouble in hunting out tunes for words, or words for tunes, disappears when we know whether we have to spot an L.M. or a 6.6.5 D., or what not. The Preface tells us that the book is issued in response to a demand from churches, which, unable to make a change of hymnal, yet desire access to the many fine hymns that have been revived or written in recent years. Published, as it is, at a cheap rate, this Winchester venture should find many friends outside its diocese. Almost all the tunes are first-rate, the few weak ones being some of the folk-tunes from the *E. H.*, e.g., 'Capel' and 'Herongate' (Warren & Son, Winchester).

Yet another Bach collection: *The Bach Chorale Book*, selected and edited by the Rev. J. Herbert Barlow, of Andover, Hants (H. W. Gray Co.;

Novello). This is avowedly intended for congregational use; but what congregation is likely to be able to manage tunes, the treble of which rises frequently to G above the staff and in one case even to A? Another factor against the congregational singing of a good many of the settings is the liberal use of passing-notes, sometimes as many as four to a syllable. This necessitates a pace so slow as to throw a severe strain on a body of untrained voices. Even when the leisurely pace can be managed it is out of keeping with our English ideas of hymn singing. This excellent collection, like those mentioned above, is better adapted for purely choir purposes or as a book of reference than for use by a crowd.

Hymn-books for use at mission services have long been a byword for bad quality both in regard to words and music. Now that hymnody in general is being overhauled and strengthened, the time is ripe for an improvement in collections designed for use at meetings and services outside the liturgical scheme. Here is a good effort in the right direction—*The Mission Hymn Book, with Tunes* (S.P.C.K.), a set of a hundred and fifty-three, well classified and indexed. It retains a few hymns and tunes that ought to be shed, but a reform of this type must necessarily be by stages. The surest way of improving public taste here, as in other departments of music, is to bring forward good material and trust to its ultimate triumph over the bad. The omission of all popular examples of poor quality is likely to defeat the aim of such a book, inasmuch as the people who most need to have good tunes brought to their notice will refuse to look at a collection in which none of their favourites appear. This hymnal may be warmly commended to the notice, not only of missionaries, but of choirmasters who need a supplementary book containing a large number of good alternative tunes. As was said above, there are many churches where a change of hymnal is desired but inexpedient. Here is the next best thing—a supplementary book for the choir-stalls.

A *Missionary Hymn-Book, with Tunes* (S.P.C.K.) ought to have been a triumphant success. It contains an unusually large number of really fine examples by such composers as Percy Buck, Basil Harwood, Kenneth Finlay, the Shaw brothers, Mabel Saumarez-Smith, and others, many of them specially written. There are also a lot of capital but neglected tunes by Wesley and other of our older hymn-tune composers. The selection is generous in scope—the book contains about two hundred and fifty hymns. I understand that it is the result of several years' work by an influential committee. Yet all this effort is largely spoilt by the unsatisfactory production of the book. Many of the tunes are reproduced by some photographic process, while others are printed from ordinary music-type, with bad results so far as the appearance of the pages is concerned. This would matter little from a practical point of view, but a really serious defect is the number of mistakes in the music of the new tunes. Some, of course, are so obvious that they almost right themselves, but there are others. Again, there is no consistency in regard to the form in which the old psalm tunes appear. Some have the long notes at the beginnings of lines, some have not. The Mechlin form of 'Veni, Creator' is given with the dotted notes that belong to a period when English editors knew little or nothing about the rhythm of plain-song. . . . There is a sound proverb about the folly of losing the sheep for a ha'p'orth of tar. It is

to be hoped that the S.P.C.K. will soon bring out an edition of this capital collection in a form more worthy of its admirable material.

Finally, here is *The School Hymnary* (The Grant Educational Company, London and Glasgow). The music is for two-part singing—treble and alto. Unfortunately, the arrangement has been made by the all-too simple expedient of taking ordinary hymn tunes, removing the tenor and bass, and giving the remainder to the trebles and altos. The result may be imagined—successions of fourths and other Hucbaldian effects. In one or two cases the tune actually ends with a bare fourth, which is going beyond most of our primitives! Some teachers may vote unison singing as dull, but can anything be worse than such two-part harmony as this from No. 105:



Imagine the exhilaration of the altos set to sing this for eight verses!

H. G.

Occasional Notes

No politician has really 'arrived' until he has been caricatured in *Punch*. Similarly, a writer must produce something of note (even if only a 'best seller') in order to be honoured by a parody in the same quarter. It is a pleasant sign of the growth of public interest in music that one of our critics should have been singled out for this distinction in *Punch* of January 31. Unfortunately, our satisfaction stops right there. The skit was headed (rather too obviously) 'Arnold Brax, by Evan Edwins.' When we saw this caption, we said to ourselves, said we, 'A bad choice for a parodist: a style so natural and straightforward as E. E.'s doesn't lend itself to parody.' And the farther we read, the more depressed we became. Is there a hint of Evans in this?

. . . at the opening of 1923 he [Brax] is generally acclaimed as combining rhythmic dynamism, endogamic Narcissism, Gongorism, and instinctual metabolism to a greater extent than any other living composer, not even excepting Botulinsky or Pimpolini.

The humour that lies in the use of long words is a cheapish brand, and is only barely tolerable even when used in parody. A good deal more is needed to produce a really funny result. The words must not only be long: they must be the *kind* of long words affected by the parodied writer. But such heavy-handed spoof as the following leaves E. E.'s withers unwrung:

The greater part of Brax's music undoubtedly expresses the exuberant energy of an abnormally resilient personality intoxicated—or, perhaps I should say confuscated—with the exuberance of its own poluphloisboisterosity. . . . The greatest of polyphonic Pragmatists, uniting free resort to a voluptuous vernacularism with the austere pungency of an astigmatic amblyopia.

True, there *is* a musical critic given to polysyllabic and sesquipedalian gambols not unlike the above, but his name is not Evans. Mr. Punch has sent his shafts to the wrong address.

Mr. Temple Thurston's comedy *A Roof and Four Walls*, at the Apollo, is a well-written and well-acted affair, but it is unconvincing on the musical side of its story. For example, we are given to understand that Stenning, a young composer, is a failure because he writes from the head rather than from the heart; he is a mere mathematician who starts a work as if it were a proposition in Euclid, and ends it with the tonal equivalent of 'Q. E. D.' Yet when we see him composing he has his manuscript on the pianoforte, experiments with squishy chords, and then writes them down. Mathematical composers don't work out their problems that way, Mr. Thurston. And when we are given specimens of his music in the shape of three songs (the illusion being helped out by a prominent announcement on the programme to the effect that the three songs have been specially composed by Mr. Norman O'Neill!) we find them smacking a good deal of the heart and very little of the head. They are, in fact, merely a superior kind of ballad.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry sings them, and in doing so reminds us of the difficulties that beset the dramatist when his plot turns on the superb singing of one of his characters. A novelist has only to give a glowing account of the star, with the world at her feet. We know such things have been, still are, and will be yet awhile (so much the worse for music!), and we therefore have no difficulty in going along with the author. But the playwright is in a fix. He must either play for safety, and ask us to take his heroine's singing for granted, or, greatly daring, must give us a sample. Unfortunately Mr. Thurston takes the latter risky course, and when we have heard Mrs. Stenning perform we find ourselves wondering why people should offer her two hundred guineas for singing a few songs at an 'At home'—for, frankly, Miss Neilson-Terry's singing is such a long way behind her acting as to be out of sight. Her speaking voice is full of appealing charm, but precious little of it gets into her singing. She has a few pretty notes in the small register, and they were duly exploited, but her tone otherwise is apt to become shrill in loud passages, and she is not always plumb in the middle of the note. In fact, she is the reverse of most of our operatic performers. She can act, and not sing; they can sing (some of them) and not act. We go out of our way to say these hard things about a delightful actress, because there is no department of music in which the public shows so little discrimination as that of singing. So long as it applauds good, bad, and indifferent, the art must suffer. We have a striking example in this play. In the first Act the heroine has to sing as a vocalist in the rough, and Miss Terry accordingly sings badly—very badly, in fact. But the audience applauds with as much fervour as it shows later on, when (two years having elapsed) she sings again—this time as the all-conquering star! (It was obvious that the demonstrations were for the singing, not the acting.) We recommend readers to go to the Apollo. They will find the entertainment delightful, save at such moments as the husband is composing and the wife singing—which, after all, is true to life in a good many homes known to all of us.

The finest (because most fitting) celebration of the Franck Centenary seems to have been that held at New York in the Wanamaker Auditorium on December 27 and 29, and January 3. It consisted

of performances of all Franck's organ music, the players being Marcel Dupré and Charles Courboin. The great hall was packed on each occasion. Both recitalists, by the way, played from memory. Dupré, with a modesty that does him credit, had announced that he would not improvise on this occasion, and for a long while resisted the emphatic demands of the crowd. When, finally, he was prevailed on to alter his mind, he happily made his improvisation into a tribute to Franck by taking as his theme a phrase from the *Prelude, Aria, and Finale*. One point about these recitals deserves mention: they have undoubtedly enhanced the prestige of the organ and its repertory. Henry T. Finck, the well-known critic of the *New York Evening Post*, said that they constituted the most significant Franck celebration in America, and he added that the audiences were on a par with those attracted by the Flonzaley Quartet or the Philharmonic Orchestra. Bearing in mind the neglect of the organ as a concert instrument in this country (except in a few municipal halls), we are bound to admit that America is scoring heavily in this respect. The *Diapason* announced a list of concert engagements of Dupré during February: there were twenty-one. Can we imagine a concert organist, native or foreign (especially native), being booked up for practically every week-day in a month? For the coming season Dupré has nearly a hundred recitals booked, and no more dates are available. And it has to be remembered that there are other players in America almost as busy as Dupré. Courboin, for example, had nearly thirty engagements during the first two months of this year—quite as many as could be crowded in, seeing the amount of travel involved in some cases. Finally, in order to realise the significance of these Wanamaker recitals, you have only to imagine a famous London store (say Selfridge's or Harrod's) including in its premises a fine concert-hall, with one of the best organs in the country, and handing over the management thereof to a first-rate professional musician. Then picture to yourself two of our best players being engaged to play all Franck's organ works on three days. This is so great a strain on the imagination that you may be unable to go farther. But have a try! See in your mind's eye Londoners flocking in their thousands and filling this hall, and on each occasion not only sitting things out, but actually asking for extras. If you can imagine all this you can imagine anything.

In the issue of the *Diapason* from which we have obtained news of the Franck celebration, appears a tribute to our own Harold Darke, written by Hamilton C. MacDougall, a well-known American organ enthusiast who has recently spent some months in England. Here, slightly condensed, is what he says:

I've heard some very interesting Bach recitals in the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill, London. The organist was Dr. Harold Darke, a most accomplished musician and clever player. Our general idea of a Bach recital is a series of preludes and fugues, the fugues all registered by beginning with Great diapasons coupled to full Swell without 16-ft., and then *poco a poco crescendo* to the bitter end. Darke's success in interesting and holding a crowded church, full, largely of men (and a large proportion of the men young), is due to (1) the inclusive character of his programmes, drawn, as they were, from all sources of organ works; (2) the close study of each work to find out its emotional character; (3) the adaptation of registration, *tempo*,

(Continued on page 191.)

Now if Christ be preached that He rose from the dead

EASTER ANTHEM

1 Cor. xv. 12-14; 20-22; 57.

Music by W. WOLSTENHOLME, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

TENORS AND BASSES. *Quasi Recit.*

Grave. *mf*

Now if Christ be preached that He rose from the dead, how say

Grave.

some a-mong you that there is no re-sur-rec-tion of the dead? But if there be

no re-sur-rec-tion of the dead, then is Christ not ris-en: And if

Christ be not ris-en, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is al-so vain.

rall. . . e . . . dim. pp

rall. . . e . . . dim. pp

ORGAN.

Gt. Diaps. 16 & 8 ft.

Ped. 16 & 8 ft.

NOW IF CHRIST BE PREACHED THAT HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD.

Allegretto. $\text{♩} = 80.$

mf
Gt. 16, 8 & 4 ft. coupl. to Full Sw.

Ped. 16 & 8 ft.

cres - cen - do.

SOPRANO.
But now is Christ ris - en from the dead, but now is Christ ris - en from the

ALTO.
But now is Christ ris - en from the dead, but now is Christ ris - en from the

TENOR.
But now is Christ ris - en from the dead, but now is Christ ris - en from the

BASS.
But now is Christ ris - en from the dead, but now is Christ ris - en from the

ff

dead, and be - come the first - fruits of them that sleep.

dead, and be - come the first - fruits of them that sleep.

dead, and be - come the first - fruits of them that sleep. For since by man came

dead, and be - come the first - fruits of them that sleep.

p Sw. *p*

from the

0000 0000

NOW IF CHRIST BE PREACHED THAT HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD.

but now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be - come the first-fruits of

but now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be - come the first-fruits of

but now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be - come the first-fruits of

but now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be - come the first-fruits of

rit. a tempo. *ff* al fine. them that sleep. Thanks be un - to God, thanks be un - to God, Who hath

rit. a tempo. *ff* al fine. them that sleep. Thanks be un - to God, thanks be un - to God, Who hath

rit. a tempo. *ff* al fine. them that sleep. Thanks be un - to God, thanks be un - to God, Who hath

rit. a tempo. *ff* al fine. them that sleep. Thanks be un - to God, thanks be un - to God, Who hath

rit. *Gt. to 15th. compd. to Full Sw.* a tempo. *ff* al fine. giv - en us the vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - sus Christ.

giv - en us the vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - sus Christ.

giv - en us the vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - sus Christ.

giv - en us the vic - to - ry, through our Lord Je - sus Christ.

(Continued from page 186)

and nuance to the character as determined; (4) the fluidity of registration following the emotional give-and-take as the piece progressed; (5) the boldness of registration, often flouting the traditional or conventional notions as to Bach's music; (6) the pains taken to shape the programmes so that successive pieces were contrasted in some effective way; (7) the skill in effecting the registration without the slightest loss of time; (8) the masterly way in which the *crescendi* and *diminuendi* were managed, and without a *crescendo* pedal; and (9) the impeccable technique, comparable only to that of a Lynnwood Farnam.

There may be a few readers asking 'Who is Lynnwood Farnam?' He is generally reckoned to have no superior among American players. Those of us who had the good luck to hear him play during his visit to England on military service will agree that there could be no higher compliment to Darke's technique than this comparison.

Yet one more piece of news from this same *Diapason*—and bad news, too. Organists in this country have recently heard rumours as to the destitute condition of Louis Vierende. They were naturally disposed to regard the rumours as false, or at least exaggerated, because they could not imagine the organist of Notre Dame (especially when he happens to be a musician of Vierende's eminence) being allowed to fall on evil days through illness. But the *Diapason* sets the matter beyond a doubt, as it includes a list of donations to a relief fund started by Edward Shippen Barnes (a former pupil of Vierende) and Lynnwood Farnam. About £25 went off in the middle of January, and it was hoped to send another instalment soon after. The matter is urgent, Vierende having been forced to give up his studio and sell his books. It is hoped that a small chamber-organ may be obtained for him, so that he may be able to resume his teaching.

The *Musical Times* cannot be accused of any lack of cordiality towards French musicians, so we shall not be misunderstood when we say that the affair is a disgrace to musical France. Vierende is not only a magnificent organist and composer of organ music; he has done good work in other fields of composition as well, so that his claim extends beyond the walls of Notre Dame. We English are often charged with failing to appreciate our musicians, but we cannot conceive an English parallel to this Vierende case. If the organist of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey had a prolonged illness, accompanied (as is Vierende's) with almost total loss of sight, we believe the case would be met without taking round the hat. And if we *did* take round the hat we should take it round among ourselves, having still a little pride left.

This case of Vierende is not the only sign of France's reluctance to put her hand in her pocket. A fund is even now being raised in this country to pay for the installation of electric blowing at Notre Dame as a token of our appreciation of Dupré. But where is the French appreciation of Dupré? Both he and Bonnet spend almost all their time touring in America. Surely Paris, which (we are told) flocks to hear both men play when they run home for a day or two, might at least pay for a blowing appliance. And seeing that Vierende is perhaps a greater man than either of the two brilliant young organists, it might do its duty by him as well as by the organ on which he has rendered such splendid service. However, it is ill work arguing while a man

is starving, so we hope Vierende's numerous admirers in this country will lend a hand. If they wish to contribute to the New York fund they should send to Shippen Barnes or Farnam, at 222, East Seventeenth Street, New York. But we think that, the case being urgent, they are justified in adopting the unconventional course of sending direct to Vierende himself (c/o his publishers, Messrs. Durand & Co.) a little note of sympathy and appreciation, expressing some of the sympathy in a form that may be cashed.

The Elizabethan Festival at Kingsway Hall on March 2 and 3 promises to be very successful. In view of the fact that the Festival breaks fresh ground, and comes near to clashing with other competitive events, the entry is surprisingly good. The Festival will wind up with a concert of Elizabethan music on the Saturday night (March 3). The choral side of the programme will be provided by the Oriana Madrigal Society (Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott) and the Westminster Cathedral Choir (Sir Richard Terry), and the soloists will be Miss Margaret Champneys, Mr. Steuart Wilson, Mr. John Goss, and Mr. Harold Craxton. Sir Hugh Allen will say a few words.

'FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA TO VISIT ENGLAND.
FOUR-FIGURE FEE FOR EACH CONCERT'

The above heading appeared in a London daily paper a week or two ago, followed by a fat paragraph in which not a word was said about music, but a great deal about the lady's fee. This same paper's usual allowance of space for an important concert is about six lines. And so the good work goes on.

The British Music Society now issues its *Bulletin* in a new and greatly improved form. The February issue contains an article on Dame Ethel Smyth, by Rutland Boughton; a report of the First General Conference of the International Society, by César Saerchinger; reviews of new music; and a lot of news served up in an interesting way.

The Handel Festival has been killed over and over again (on paper) by critics able to give all sorts of reasons why there should never be another one. But it refuses to be knocked out, and arrangements are well in hand for the next, which takes place at the Crystal Palace on June 16, 19, 21, and 23. There is a fine list of soloists, the London Symphony Orchestra will provide the backbone of the accompanying force, Mr. Walter Hedgcock will once more be musical director and organist, and Sir Frederic Cowen will conduct.

Arne, like most of our old worthies, is being revived and enjoyed a good deal of late. In our January number we reported a successful production by the Arne Society, at Eton, of his *Masque of Comus*, and we are glad to hear that the work is to be given in London by the same company. There will be two performances, March 9 (at 8.30), and 10 (3.0), at the Inner Temple Hall. The cast will include Elizabeth Mitchell-Innes and Hubert Langley, and Susan Lushington will conduct. The performances are under the management of the Imperial Concert Agency. We make a point of mentioning this agency because it is one that ought to be of great use to such of our readers as give concerts at which soloists are required—sometimes at short notice. They should write to the I.P.A. (Empire House, 175, Piccadilly) for a copy of its sixty-page

prospectus, wherein they will find the names (and in many cases the portraits) of practically everybody who is anybody in the English concert world, from prima donnas down (or up) to entertainers at the piano.

The League of Arts is giving a series of free concerts in the Lecture Theatre of the Victoria and Albert Museum on Saturdays, at 3.0. The cost is defrayed (or should be) by the sale of programmes at 6d. each. The arrangements for March are: 3rd, London Male-Voice Octet; 10th, League of Arts Choir, in sea-songs and chancies; 17th, Mr. Harold Samuel, in old and new English music; 24th, the Novello Choir; and 31st, Mr. Harold Samuel, with a Bach programme. So attractive a scheme should be sure of a warm welcome.

Even in 'howlers' there seems to be nothing new. Recently the *Morning Post* quoted the following—a really brilliant achievement—which appeared in *Krelitscha*, a Moscow journal:

On November 2 in London the thousandth performance was given of an opera written by an 18th-century beggar called Hammersmith. It was revived two years ago. Another 18th-century opera, *Polly*, by an equally famous composer, Kingsway, will be revived shortly.

Whereupon a correspondent to the *Observer* pointed out that in an account of the execution of Charles I., published at Paris in 1649, it was stated that the King was tried by 'an inferior judge named Kingsbinch' (*un juge subalterne qui s'appelle Kingsbinch*).

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

The outstanding record this month is that of Beethoven's fifth Symphony, played by the Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. It is given without cuts, and fills four 12-in. d.-s. H.M.V. It is a capital reproduction, with inevitable losses and some gains. Among the losses is that of the famous drum figure at the end of the *Scherzo*. It is there, of course, but only those of us who know it's there and listen intently can catch it. The drum is not a good recorder, so nobody's to blame. An eyebrow may have been raised at the mention of 'gains.' Some people think that the most the gramophone can do is to give something nearly as good as the original, but my experience is that it occasionally goes one better and makes an improvement. Here is an example. In the record of the *Allegretto*, the passage for wood-wind alone in four-part harmony is far more effective than it usually is at first-hand. In the concert-hall it is almost invariably too loud, and sometimes so coarse as to make one wonder why the wood-wind was ever poetically called the flower garden of the orchestra, instead of being nicknamed the cabbage patch. On the gramophone—or at all events on mine—the delicacy of this passage is delightful. The whole record is an achievement of which H.M.V. may well be proud.

Excellent, too, is an *Æ.-Voc.* 12-in. d.-s. of the band of the 1st Life Guards playing three movements of the *Peer Gynt* Suite—'Solveig's Song,' 'Anitra's Dance,' and 'In the Hall of the Mountain King.' The first two are the most satisfactory. In the last we miss the crash of an orchestra close at hand.

After all, there are some works in which sheer power is the most important factor. If you have always regarded the cornet as a vulgar beanfeasting instrument, hear the artist who plays the air in this 'Solveig's Song' performance.

Odd how players follow-my-leader! Once or twice in these columns I have expressed surprise—even some annoyance—at violinists wasting their time playing an arrangement of so poor a thing as Brahms's Waltz in A flat, and here it is cropping up again, this time played by Albert Sammons. I prefer him in his own *Canzonetta*, which is on the other side of this 10-in. d.-s. *Æ.-Voc.*

An amazing bit of virtuosity is John Amadio's playing of a couple of solos on what a three-year-old gramophone enthusiast at my elbow calls the flupe. Like so many childish slips it is a happy one. Change the spelling and the word exactly describes the music of these solos. They are mere floop: a poor song with brilliant superficial variations by Boehm and a *Polonaise* by Busé. Yet I must admit enjoyment, though it was confined to the dexterity of Mr. Amadio. What a pity an instrument so well adapted to pure melody, and with so much beauty in its lower register as the flute, should be so badly treated by soloists! How often do we hear really first-rate music played by flute virtuosos? They must always be exceeding the speed limit with pieces about bees, or will-o'-the-wisps, or with twiddle-bits written round some air for which no other use can be found. A pity! (*Æ.-Voc.* 10-in. d.-s.)

There are some good vocal records this month. Frank Titterton on a 10-in. d.-s. *Æ.-Voc.*, is in capital form with a couple of Balfe battle horses—'Then you'll remember me and Yes, let me like a soldier fall.' Both are with orchestral accompaniment, and the latter is very stirring, with a peppery little bit of side-drum at the start.

There is brilliance and great vivacity in Lucrezia Bori's singing of 'In uomini, in soldati,' from *Cost fan tutte*, but it seems to be achieved at some cost on the purely vocal side (H.M.V. 10-in.). For beauty of voice and phrasing I have heard nothing better for a long time than Kathleen Destournel in 'Deh! vieni,' from *Figaro* (12-in. d.-s. *Æ.-Voc.*, with explanatory notes on the reverse side). The delicate accompaniment, too, is a joy—just a few simple wisps of sound by strings and wood-wind.

On the other hand, for sheer noise I give the palm to a H.M.V. 12-in. record of the sextet in *Lucia*. The singers are an array of stars such as we rarely get in our drawing-rooms—Tetrazzini, Caruso, Amato, Journet, Jacoby, and Bada. Curiously, one doesn't get the effect of six people, but rather of two tenors each trying to drown the other, while a soprano makes faint appeals from the bank. Of course, Tetrazzini is singing a note at the top of the last terrific chord, but the actual sound of her voice is limited to a tiny bit that overlaps the other voices. I don't know which of the two tenors wins, but I am sure that all the other singers lose.

Robert Radford is well suited on a H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s. with the Recit. and Air from *Susanna*, 'Tyrannic love' and 'Ye verdant hills'—a beautiful tune—and the Recit. and Air, 'My Country' and 'O fair Palermo,' from *The Sicilian Vespers*.

Beniamino Gigli's singing of Toselli's *Serenade* is good, but a trifle too strenuous. After all, a little affair of this kind is entirely between serenader and serenadee, isn't it? 'Tis no business of the rest of the suburb (H.M.V. 10-in.).

I wish Malcolm McEachern would not waste that splendid voice of his on such poverty-stricken affairs as Pinsuti's *The king's minstrel* (Æ.-Voc. 12-in. d.-s.). On the other side Frank Titterton joins him, and they both waste together on Sargeant's duet, *Watchman! what of the night?*

A H.M.V. 10-in. d.-s. gives good reproductions of the Gresham Singers in Bridge's *The Goslings* and a poorish arrangement of *Robin Adair*. They sing so well that it is a pity they fall into the regular male-voice-quartet vice of cutting their songs up into sections and playing tricks with the time. Their enunciation is excellent, and would put many a famous soloist to shame. But I hope to hear them recorded in better music than this. It is merely another variety of floop.

Church and Organ Music

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

We are asked to correct a small error in the College Regulations. The *Cantabile* of Franck is wrongly described as being in B minor, whereas it is in B major.

'WIND IN THE REEDS'

We hear that at Holbeach some members of the congregation have volunteered to help the Parish Church funds by taking their turn at blowing the organ. 'C. J. A.'s' light-hearted column in the *Daily News* comments on the fact in the following neatly-turned jingle, which we 'convey' with compliments:

Was e'er financial fabric
More stoutly under-pinned
Than here, where loyal laymen
Combine to raise the wind?

I've heard of some occasions
On which an organist
Himself has got the wind up
Which in the reeds he missed.

But here, with such assistance,
The organist will know
That the reeds will have the wind up
And spare him any blow.

CHRIST CHURCH, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

At Christ Church, St. Leonards, the organ recitals are a feature of musical life on the south coast, and attract people from all the neighbouring towns. Mr. Allan Biggs was one of the first provincial organists to introduce the pianoforte into his programmes, and when he gave a joint recital with Pouishnov on February 9, fifteen hundred people squeezed themselves into the beautiful building, while outside a similar number listened through open doors. The unanimity and colour effect of pianoforte and organ in Beethoven's C minor Concerto and Franck's Symphonic Variations more than compensated for the absence of an orchestra. The astonishing Russian pianist also played his own *Quand il pleut*, Allan Biggs's Etude in F sharp minor, and Chopin's Berceuse, to a crowd of admirers who listened in rapt silence. H. S.

NEWCASTLE BACH CHOIR

A recital of Bach Cantatas was given by this body of enthusiasts at Newcastle Cathedral on February 3. The works chosen were *Meine Seufzer, meine Thränen, Wir danken dir, Gott, Dem Gerechten muss das Licht, and Gloria in excelsis Deo*—all being sung at Newcastle for the first time. Mr. Alfred M. Wall was leader of the orchestra, Mr. William Ellis was at the organ, and Dr. W. G. Whittaker conducted.

ST. PAUL'S, PORTMAN SQUARE

A new organ built by Messrs. Willis & Lewis was dedicated on February 10, the opening recital being given by Mr. Stanley C. Curtis, the organist of the Church. The instrument is a three-manual of about forty stops. Forthcoming recitals are announced for March 3 (Mr. Curtis), March 10 (Mr. H. L. Balfour), March 17 (Dr. Charles Macpherson), and March 24 (Mr. Curtis). We understand that the organ has been built to the specification of Mr. Curtis, who is only sixteen years old. He began his work as organist at Westbourne Park Baptist Church three years ago. His recital at the dedication service included Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Saint-Saëns's *Marche Héroïque*, and Boëllmann's *Gothic Suite*.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ORGANISTS

The annual general meeting was held on January 27 at St. John's Institute, Wilton Road, S.W., when Sir Frederick Bridge was chosen as President for the present year. To fill the places of members of the Council retiring under Rule 6, the following were elected: Messrs. B. Vine Westbrook, G. H. Gracie, Herbert Westerby, Godfrey Scats, J. W. Coleman, and Dr. Bromley Derry. Steady progress in all respects was reported. Prior to the meeting a recital, chiefly of mediæval music, was given in St. John's Church, under the direction of Mr. Herbert Weatherly, the organist and choirmaster. The admirable singing of the choir and Mr. Weatherly's organ solos gave great pleasure.

WEST AND NORTH-WEST BRANCH

The members of this newly-formed branch of the Society met at St. James's Church, Norlands, W., on Saturday, February 17, to hear a lecture-recital by Mr. Richard Cooper on 'William Faulkes and his Music.' Mr. Cooper illustrated his paper by a fine performance of seven pieces in contrasted styles selected from Faulkes's four hundred published organ pieces. He emphasised the fact that although Faulkes was more generally known as an organ composer, he had to his credit many notable works for orchestra, as well as much chamber and choral music. Organists desiring to become members of the W. and N.W. branch of the London Society of Organists should communicate with the hon. secretary, Mr. Edward Watson, c/o National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, W.1.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, OXFORD

The reconstructed and enlarged organ was recently opened, recitals being given by Dr. W. G. Alcock, Dr. W. H. Harris, Mr. Douglas Fox, and Dr. Henry Ley. The work has been carried out by Messrs. Harrison & Harrison. The instrument is now one of four manuals, with forty-eight speaking stops and sixteen couplers. A few stops are still only prepared for. The Choir organ is enclosed. We wish space allowed us to print the excellent specification. A further series of recitals will be given at 8.30 on the first four Sundays of next term, commencing April 29. On March 8, at 8.30, the Cathedral choir will sing selections from the *St. Matthew Passion*.

NO NEED TO BE ANXIOUS

A recent number of the *Musical News and Herald* contained an inquiry from 'Anxious.' 'Where [he asked] can I obtain Rheinberger's Organ Sonatas? I have tried Novello's and several dealers.' 'Anxious' must have tried just when there were difficulties in the way of importing German music. Let him try again at Novello's, and he will find Rheinberger's Sonatas galore.

ORGAN COMPETITION IN THE CITY

The organ playing competition in connection with the London Musical Festival will be held at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria Street, on March 10, beginning at 1.0. The church will be open to the public. There are twenty competitors, and the test-piece is the first movement of Rheinberger's Sonata in A flat.

Mr. Harold A. Jeboult has just entered on his twenty-fifth year of office at St. Mary Magdalene's, Taunton, and the occasion was marked by the presentation of a cheque, an illuminated address, and a paid-up subscription for the ten volumes of *Tudor Church Music*. (This last is a happy idea, which we commend to all about to make or receive presentations.) Mr. Jeboult comes of an organist stock, his grandfather, Samuel Summerhayes, having been an occupant of the post at St. Mary Magdalene; and among the list of subscribers to the 1788 edition of Boyce's *Cathedral Music* was 'Mr. Jeboult, Organist, Taunton.'

Mr. F. J. Livesey has lately been presented with a testimonial and a cheque for £100, as a token of appreciation of his thirty-five years' work as organist and choirmaster at St. Bees Priory Church. His recitals on the fine Willis organ have long been a popular feature, but even more praiseworthy is his endeavour to maintain a high standard in regard to the services. At St. Bees the Old English composers, such as Gibbons, Purcell, Croft, &c., are represented in the service lists to an extent rare in country churches.

Excellent musical work is being done at the Richmond Road Congregational Church, Cardiff. At the Choir Anniversary Services on February 11 Bach's *Jesu, Priceless Treasure* was sung, in addition to anthems by Walford Davies, Mendelssohn, and Bach; and on February 12 a Bach evening was given, when the Motet was repeated, and solos from the Cantatas were sung by Madame Eustace Davies and Miss C. A. Farrar. Mr. W. J. J. Robins, the organist and choirmaster, played solos. We congratulate him on these admirable programmes.

We hear from the National Institute for the Blind that among recent additions to the growing list of works published in Braille are the following R. C. O. examination pieces: Franck's Pastoral, Beethoven's Theme and Variations, Howells's Psalm-Prelude No. 1, and Bach's Fugue in C minor and Sonata No. 5. Other organ works just issued in Braille are Coleridge-Taylor's Three Impromptus and Lemare's Study in Accents.

At Newcastle Cathedral on January 22 Mr. H. Matthias Turton, of St. Aidan's, Leeds, gave a lecture-recital on the Symphonies of Louis Vierne, playing the whole of No. 3, the first movement and *Scherzo* of No. 2, and the *Finale* of No. 4. According to the *Yorkshire Post*, Mr. Turton played these extremely difficult works in a masterly manner, and as a result Vierne's fine music came as a revelation to most of his hearers.

The Bristol branch of the Church-Music Society held a congregational practice and Evensong at Christ Church, Broad Street, Bristol, a few days ago. A large congregation attended, and Mr. Arthur Warrell conducted, the result being stirring and impressive. Mr. Ralph Morgan, of St. Mary Redcliff, and Mr. W. E. Kirby, of All Saints', Clifton, shared duty at the organ.

Exeter and District Organists' Association listened on January 27 to a lecture from the late hon. treasurer, Mr. Harris, on the history of St. Petrock's Church (where the meeting took place) and organ. Music by early English composers (Blow, Purcell, Arne, Stanley, Dupuis, and S. Wesley) was subsequently played by the hon. secretary, Mr. H. T. Gilberthorpe.

A Bach programme given by Mr. H. S. Middleton at Truro Cathedral on February 12 was well designed for variety and contrast. The organ solos were the Toccata in F, the Dorian Toccata and Fugue, the *Adagio* from the Sonata No. 4, and the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, these big items being separated by Chorales sung by members of the choir.

Gounod's *Redemption* was announced to be sung at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey on February 28, with a good list of soloists, and with Mr. Herbert Hodge at the organ.

Now that an increasing number of churches sing *The Reproaches* on Good Friday, there is a call for a simple setting for use where the old plainsong and polyphonic versions are impracticable. The need is met by a setting by the Rev. Horace Spence, just published by Novello (Parish Choir Book, No. 1074). The music has the right simplicity and solemnity, and is so planned that it may be sung in unison with organ, or in harmony, unaccompanied.

At Jesmond Parish Church, Newcastle, Mr. William Ellis gave a lecture-recital on 'Tudor Church Music,' illustrations being sung by the Jesmond and All Saints', Gosforth, choirs. Among the works heard were Weelkes's 'Hosanna to the Son of David' (six voices), Gibbons's 'O God, the King of Glory,' Phillips's 'The Lord ascendeth,' and Motets by Taverner, Tallis, and Byrd.

The Hornsey Choral and Orchestral Society, about a hundred and twenty strong, gave an excellent performance of *The Creation* (Parts 1 and 2) on January 27 at the Middle Lane Wesleyan Church. The soloists were Miss Bessie Lang, Mr. Spencer Thomas, and Mr. Samuel Dyson. Mr. George Brockless conducted.

Dr. Albert Ham's many friends in England will be glad to hear that his twenty years of work at St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, met with recognition recently, when after a special thanksgiving service he was presented with a cabinet of silver and a cheque for a thousand dollars.

St. Paul was sung at the City Temple on February 10, by the City Temple Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Allan Brown. The soloists were Miss Annie Bartle, Miss Dorothea Gadd, Mr. Sidney Pointer, and Mr. Edward Dykes. Mr. G. D. Cunningham was at the organ.

The *St. Matthew Passion* will be sung with orchestral accompaniment (L.S.O.) at Southwark Cathedral on March 17 at 3. No tickets are required.

Allegri's *Miserere* will be sung at St. John's, Wilton Road, S.W., at 7.40 p.m. on all Fridays in Lent.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. Bertram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church—Canzona, Bach; Sonata No. 1, Harwood; Symphony No. 1, Vierne.

Mr. Cyril Pearce, St. Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich—Sonata No. 5, Mendelssohn; Fantasia and Fugue, 'Ad nos ad salutarem undam,' Liszt; Meditation, Grace; March and Finale, 'The Birds,' Parry.

Miss Christina Chalmers, St. Clement Danes—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Bach; Concerto, Handel; March and Finale, 'The Birds,' Parry.

Mr. Edward Bliss, Walsall Wood Church—Sonata in A minor, Rheinberger; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Bach.

Mr. John Pullein, Carlisle Cathedral—Fantasia on Campion's 'Babylon's Wave,' Harris; Pastoral, Franck; Aria, Blow; Chorale Preludes by Pulein, Grace, and Parry.

Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Allegro in F, Gade; March in B flat, F. de la Tombelle; Scherzo (Sonata No. 5), Guilmant.

Mr. James Tomlinson, Public Hall, Preston—Overture, 'The Naiades'; Fantasia, Franck; Variations on 'Gala Water,' Stuart Archer.

Mr. Philip Miles, St. Alban the Martyr, Westcliff—Fantasia and Toccata, Stanford; Slow movement from String Quartet, Debussy; Chorale Preludes by Charles Wood and Vaughan Williams; Fantasia in F minor, Mozart.

Mr. J. A. Sowerbutts, Winchester Cathedral—Fantasia on Campion's 'Babylon's Wave,' Harris; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Bach; Pastoral, de Maleingra; Légende and Pœan, Sowerbutts; Hymn Tune Preludes by Wood, Harwood, and Grace.

Mr. A. M. Hawkins, St. Andrew's, Westminster—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Adagio and Allegro Fugato, *Stanley*; Chorale Preludes by *Bach*, *Brahms*, and *Karg-Elert*.

Mr. R. J. Pitcher, St. James's, Muswell Hill—Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Prelude to 'Parsifal'; Pastorale and Finale (Symphony No. 2), *Widor*.

Dr. A. P. Embling, St. Mary's, Bloxham—'St. Anne' Fugue, *Bach*; Sonata in A minor, *Rheinberger*; Scherzo, *Guilman*.

Miss Lilian Coombes, St. Mary-le-Bow—Sonata No. 3, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*.

Dr. F. W. Wadely, Carlisle Cathedral—Concerto in G minor, *Handel*; Air and Courante, *Bach*; Fantasia and Toccata, *Stanford*; Kieff Processional, *Moussorgsky*.

Mr. Eric Brough, St. Vedast Foster—A *Bach* programme: Dorian Toccata and Fugue; First movement of Trio Sonata No. 1; Fantasia and Fugue in C minor; Fugue in E flat; and four Chorale Preludes.

Mr. James M. Preston, St. George's, Newcastle-on-Tyne—Symphony No. 3, *Vierne*; Ofrande Musicale, *de Maleingreau*; Chorale No. 3, *Franck*; Catalonian Rhapsody, *Gigout*; Prelude in C minor, *Bach*.

Mr. William Ellis, Carlisle Cathedral—'St. Anne' Fugue and two Chorale Preludes, *Bach*; Fugue, *Reubke*; Fantasia in G, *Purty*.

Mr. Norman W. Newell, St. Mark's, Leeds—Sonata No. 1, *Harwood*; Dorian Toccata and Fugue, *Bach*; Pastorale, *Franck*; Adagio and Toccata, *Widor*.

Dr. H. C. L. Stocks, Wigan Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Scherzo from the 'New World' Symphony; Andante in G, *Wesley*; Variations on 'Land of my Fathers,' *Stocks*.

Mr. Paul Richard, Kendal Parish Church—Fantasia on Christmas Tunes, *Selby*; Pastorale, Recitativo, and Corale, *Karg-Elert*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Sonata, *Reubke*; Symphony No. 5, *Widor*.

APPOINTMENT

Mr. Frank E. Newman, organist and choirmaster, St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich.

Competition Festival Record

CHORAL CONTESTS, PRELIMINARY AND FINAL :

A POINT FOR COMMITTEES

A correspondent asks us to bring up for discussion the regulation at Blackpool and one or two other big festivals concerning the final contests in important choral classes. He sends his name for publication, but we withhold it because we feel that matters of this kind are best discussed in as detached a manner as possible. We will merely say that he is a well-known and successful choral conductor with ample experience of competition festivals of the best kind.

As most of our readers know, the custom at some large festivals is for three test-pieces, *a*, *b*, and *c*, to be given to the principal choral classes. One of these tests is sung in the afternoon and three (or four) choirs are chosen to sing the other two at the final contest in the evening. There is of course a practical reason for this. With a large entry, the greater part of a day would be needed for one class if all the choirs sang all three pieces. Yet the plan may easily work out unsatisfactorily, as our correspondent shows. He points out that in the A class at Blackpool last year, the marks of the four choirs selected for the final were 84, 83, 82, 82 respectively, the first two of the non-selected being 81. Now with so small a margin separating choirs of such high quality, and bearing in mind that the two pieces *b* and *c* were of a totally different character from *a* (on which the decision was based), we agree with the writer that had all the choirs been heard in *b* and *c* the final result would probably have been different.

Our correspondent gives an actual case in support of this view. A few years ago he had the pleasure of conducting the winning choir in Class B. At the preliminary contest in the afternoon his choir obtained the *lowest* marks of the choirs chosen for the final, but in the evening it won the final by the handsome margin of eleven marks, with the second highest total gained by any choir that year. Now, had these singers lost but *one* more mark in the afternoon they would have had no chance of showing themselves to be what they were—easily the best choir in their class.

There seems to be a real need for a different method of weeding-out. As it is clearly out of the question for all three songs to be heard in the afternoon the solution seems to be in the adoption of the plan used at most examinations. Why should not the choirs sing a portion of each of the three tests? This method would give the most versatile choirs the chance that at present they are likely to miss, and it need take very little longer than the performance of one piece in full.

If the present system is to remain, we suggest that the decision as to which of the three songs is to be used in the afternoon be made at the time, instead of being announced beforehand. Apropos of this point, our correspondent says:

Fortunately, all the choirs seem to be out for music first and foremost, otherwise there might arise a danger of choirs putting undue work into the first piece, at the expense of the two greater pieces, to try and ensure being in the final.

He goes on :

Another point the choirs make is this. They practise all the summer for Blackpool, at a cost, in the case of my own choir, of about £100. (Critics who look on these competitions as mere 'pot-hunting' affairs might make a note of this!) Surely the singers should be given an opportunity for singing *all* the music on which they have spent so much time and money. These people love their singing, and they feel that they have not had fair play when at the end they have a criticism of only a small part of their work.

Well, there is the point for committees to settle. The case cited shows that the present method is unsatisfactory.

WAKE UP! MUSIC DEALERS

We have lately had many complaints as to the lack of enterprise on the part of local music dealers. Festival secretaries and competitors tell us that they frequently find it impossible to obtain test-pieces through their local music shop. All sorts of reasons are given: this song is out of print; that violin solo cannot be traced; and so on. The limit seems to have been reached in a case brought to our notice a few days ago. The choral test at an East Anglian competition is Stanford's *Heraclitus*, published (as all the choral world knows) by Stainer & Bell. We have had a despairing letter from the secretary of the Festival asking what is to be done: The Festival has been arranged in a hurry, and only a short time remains for preparation; of this short time a good slice has been lost because the local music dealer tells would-be purchasers of *Heraclitus* that Stainer & Bell no longer exist!

Here is a matter that should be taken up by the Federation of British Music Industries. The local music trader must be brought to see that his interest is not confined to shop ballads and fox-trots.

The enterprising dealer who lays himself out to help local competitors by a prompt supply of test-pieces will not only be lending a hand to the most important musical movement of to-day; he will be bringing a steady stream of fresh customers to his door, and when he is serving them with test-pieces he is a poor salesman if he doesn't see that a good many of them buy something else as well.

Still, the festival officials are not always as helpful as they might be. We have lately seen several syllabuses in which the names of the publishers of the test-pieces do not appear. In one or two instances not even the composer is mentioned—just the name of the song! Not only should the publishers' names be given in connection with each item; the syllabus should contain also a list of publishers' full business titles and addresses. Intending competitors would then be able to order the music direct, and local musicsellers would have no excuse for saying that well-known firms had put the shutters up.

LOUTH EISTEDDFOD

This event, now in its third year, was held with great success on February 7 and 8. Entries showed an increase of about sixty above last year. Excellent choral singing was forthcoming in the classes for village choirs (won by Tetley Choral Society) and ladies' choirs (Miss Lewendon's Choir, Grimsby, 1; The Venturers, Louth, 2). The chief choral class produced a good entry and contest. (Winners not given in the report sent to us.) Wilbye's *Love me not for comely grace* proved a hard nut, but some capital attempts were made. Dr. W. G. Whittaker and Mr. Harvey Grace judged.

LEEDS COMPETITIVE FESTIVAL

More than four thousand entries have been received for the first Leeds Competitive Festival, which opens on March 21. Forty school choirs are to compete. Entries in various classes come from Manchester, Rochdale, Padiham, York, Morley, Batley Carr, Cleckheaton, St. Helen's, Sheffield, Sale, Todmorden, Normanton, Harrogate, Burnley, Horbury, and many districts of the West Riding. The first entry was from London, and competitors are coming from as far afield as Cornwall and the Isle of Man. Vocal soloists number two hundred and seventy-seven; instrumentalists over two hundred. Morning and afternoon sessions will be held at the Albert Hall and the Albion Hall; and in the evenings, massed concerts will be given in the Town Hall. The Festival will extend from March 21 to 24 inclusive.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Lady pianist wishes to meet violinist for mutual practice. Highbury district.—S. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young tenor (22) would like to meet pianist about same age. Gentleman preferred. South Birmingham district. For mutual practice.—N. R., c/o *Musical Times*.

Violinist and pianist will be glad of a 'cellist for mutual practice. Need not be experienced.—Apply by letter to 30, Moresby Road, Upper Clapton, E.5.

The Mayfair Dramatic Club, the only club in existence producing 18th-century operas, has a few vacancies for ladies and gentlemen. Next production in May.—Applications for membership should be addressed to the SECRETARY, 97, Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

Viola player wanted to complete quintet for mutual practice. Local resident preferred.—Apply to Mr. R. BENSON, 49, Sedlescombe Road, Fulham, S.W.

A tenor, retired, would like to hear of an efficient accompanist in the North Finchley district, for mutual practice, once a week: also to hear of a mezzo or contralto singer, to join for practice in a round of operatic duets.—J. D. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Amateur wood-wind and brass instrumentalists would be heartily welcomed in London, W.C.1., district on March 15, at 6.45 p.m., to give simple illustrations to a University Extension Lecture on 'The Orchestra' and its component parts.—Please write, C. SASSÉ, 131, De Beauvoir Road, N.1.

Amateur violinist and pianist (gentlemen) wish to meet violinist (or violist) and 'cellist (gentlemen) with view to forming quartet. Must be good, experienced players.—H. MILSON, 37, Palace Square, S.E.19.

Lady pianist desires to meet instrumentalists for mutual practice.—N., 6, Wellington Terrace, Bayswater, W.2.

A violinist and 'cellist wanted to form trio for practices and musical convivia.—4, Fairland Road, Stratford, E.15.

West Ham Parish Orchestra.—Amateur instrumentalists required (strings and wood-wind). Practices every Friday evening at 8.0, at Meeson Hall, Portway, near West Ham Church, E.15.

'Cellist, male or female, about twenty-one, to complete pianoforte quartet, one evening per week.—Apply by letter, F. R. G. CLARE, 10, Binfield Road, Clapham, S.W.4.

Letters to the Editor

THE TERCENTENARY OF WILLIAM BYRD AND THOMAS WEELKES

SIR,—At the recent meeting of the Musical Association, when Mr. Gustav Holst read a paper on this subject, so much time was occupied by the illustrations, admirably performed by the Morley College choir, that almost none was left for discussion; and having regard to the fact that 'investigation and discussion' are officially stated to be the objects of the Association, one may perhaps be permitted to record a few ideas which suggested themselves as the meeting proceeded.

It was certainly refreshing to find such a modernist as Mr. Holst interesting himself in a thoroughly old-world topic, and telling us how recent discoveries of Byrd's compositions thrilled him, and left him breathless and gasping. But, alas! we are not all so young as Mr. Holst, and although of course many of Byrd's works were known to us only by name, sufficient were accessible to enable us to realise something of his genius. Nearly forty years ago *Bow Thine ear* was sung in a church in the far west of Ireland, and I myself possess a MS. copy of a six-part carol from *Songs of Sundrie Natures*, transcribed from *Murray's Magazine* of November, 1888. I also remember playing the variations on *The Carman's Whistle* at a lecture on the 'History of English Music' a year or so earlier.

The lecturer commenced by discussing the advisability or otherwise of centenary celebrations, and instanced our utter forgetfulness of John Dunstable. But surely the wholesale destruction of ecclesiastical manuscripts at the time of the (so-called) Reformation is the probable explanation of this misfortune. And, by the way, are not centenary celebrations more appropriately associated with the birth, rather than the death, of great men? The hour that gives birth to a genius is the hour of supreme significance: that of his death is to us a matter of comparatively small import. And the tercentenary of William Byrd, who, according to Mr. Barclay Squire, was born in 1542 or 1543, was not inapily—though perhaps unconsciously—heralded by the publication in 1841 of the *Mass* for five voices, and in 1842 of Book 1 of the *Cantiones Sacre* by the Musical Antiquarian Society. It is much to be regretted that the editors of the collection of Tudor Church music now in course of publication have not seen fit to follow the example of this Society, which did such good service in its day, by

retaining the alto and tenor clefs, the absence of which cannot but detract from the scholarly appearance of their valuable work.

The lecturer said that Byrd had been styled 'the English Palestrina': he thought that when his works became more widely known, Palestrina might possibly receive the title of 'the Italian Byrd.' I confess that the application of this title to Byrd was new to me. Ouseley says that Gibbons was termed 'the English Palestrina'; Husk says the same. I have been familiar with the title as applied to Gibbons from childhood. I find, however, that Fétis writes of Byrd as 'the Palestrina or Di Lasso of the English.' I venture to think the title is more appropriately bestowed on Gibbons.

One very important and most interesting point was emphasised by Mr. Holst, namely, the intermittent output of English music. He said that while the production of Continental music might be compared to a steady glow, that of English music resembled a fitful flame—now rising, now falling. This is true, and I ascribe it to the blighting influence of Puritanism. During the reign of terror under the Commonwealth—when the theatres were closed, musical instruments destroyed, and the Reformation destruction well-nigh completed—a habit of mind was gradually formed, influencing large masses of the population, which was inimical to every form of music with the exception of psalm tunes, absurdly miscalled. This trait is still a national characteristic, although it has probably lost much ground since the war.

Arising out of this branch of his subject, the lecturer pointed to the curious fact that Purcell was quite unflinched by the Elizabethan composers. Doubtless Purcell has shown great command of counterpoint, notably in such works as *O Lord God of Hosts* and *Jehovah quam multi sunt hostes*, but it is the *moderna musica*, totally different from that of the 16th century. It is the first example of inspiration derived from foreign sources, so many times repeated in the history of English music. Dr. Fellowes, indeed, mentioned the interesting fact that in the library of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, he had recently discovered a composition by Byrd in the handwriting of Purcell, showing that the later musician was not unfamiliar with the work of his English predecessors. But familiarity and assimilation are not the same. Wordsworth was no doubt familiar with the poetry of Pope: he did not assimilate much of his style.

Two things I should like to know. Firstly, has anyone discovered the Italian sixth in the works of any English musician earlier than Byrd? Besides the well-known example in *Bow Thine ear* (deleted by Boyce, greatly to the approval of Horsley!), it is to be found in another of the *Cantiones Sacre*—namely, *Tristitia et anxietas*. Secondly, in what composition of Dr. John Bull has Mr. Holst detected the presence of the whole-tone scale?—Yours, &c.,

A. T. FROGGATT.

5, Richmond Mansions,
Denton Road, Twickenham.
January 10, 1923.

GOOD WORDS FOR MENDELSSOHN

SIR,—An unknown correspondent has been bold enough to write to a certain Sunday journal, saying that 'for anyone to insinuate that Wagner was an inferior composer to Mendelssohn is too ridiculous for words'; and further, that 'Mendelssohn—a rich German banker's son—was, in the flesh, a moneyed, pampered, and blasé individual, so no wonder he never wrote a single composition that could strike a single chord of deep feeling into an average mind's being'. Now, no one will deny that some of Wagner's music is supremely great, but for all that he was a one-sided composer, as he chiefly excelled in the field of opera, which is certainly not the highest form of musical art, whereas Mendelssohn was one of the universal geniuses in music, standing supreme not only in oratorio but also in purely abstract music. I need only mention his wonderful overtures and his magnificent chamber works (octet, quartets, and trios), which are all of the most perfect workmanship and of undying beauty. Wagner never even tried his hand at this latter branch of composition (the most difficult

of all), and if he had he would have failed miserably. This same unknown correspondent's very disparaging remarks about Mendelssohn's personality are, of course, totally unjust and untrue, as history records that he was one of the most delightful men imaginable, and deeply beloved and revered by all who knew him. On the other hand, I will just quote what another writer (who is not unknown) only recently stated about Wagner:

'He presents an irreconcilable blend of good and bad, with a large preponderance of the latter. Stripped of his music, we find him a lay figure of almost repulsive ugliness. Ungrateful to his benefactors, vain in his person, unscrupulous in money matters, ridiculously fond of luxurious and gaudy surroundings, garrulous in high-sounding sentences which convey but a grain of thought, selfish and self-seeking, unstable in his loves, immodest in the parts he allots to his stage heroes and heroines, unreasonable in his detraction of all music composed by Jews, and yet a great, an original, and at times a lovely composer, he stands as the embodiment of incongruous extremes—an olla podrida of unsavoury morsels and delicious tit-bits. That his vanity should have induced him to write books, and to pose as a poet and philosopher, will ever be matter for regret to those thousands who delight in his music. He would have delighted thousands more had the cobbler stuck to his last.'

In conclusion, I only wish there were a man living in our midst who could even approach the greatness and illustriousness of a Mendelssohn, for the stuff and rubbish that is nowadays being 'composed,' published, and performed, is really too appalling for words.—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

22a, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, N.W.6.

February 14, 1923.

HAYDN KEETON MEMORIAL

SIR,—Your readers will remember that some two years ago you gave us a notice in connection with the Dr. Keeton Jubilee Fund. I regret to say that the appeal resulted only in £125. In the meantime Dr. Keeton passed to his rest, and the Committee has decided to close the fund on March 31 next. In doing so it is felt that probably many more would like to add their subscription to the sum already in hand, and so make it possible to establish a yearly Prize to be awarded by the Trustees to the boys in the Cathedral choir in memory of the late organist.

Any further information may be obtained or donations sent to me at 18, Hartford Road, Huntingdon.—Yours, &c.,

OWEN W. GILLSON

(Hon. Sec. to the Committee).

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—The Council of the National Institute for the Blind, always recognising music as the only art in which the sightless find complete self-expression—while it frequently also provides a good means of livelihood—have continually endeavoured to provide for every need of blind musicians and students.

Thousands of standard and popular works have been published in Braille by the Institute, and sold to the blind at 75 per cent. below cost of production, and in this connection the National Institute gratefully acknowledges the generous co-operation of the publishers and owners of ink-print copyrights.

But apart from music publication, Braille music notation itself has always been a highly intricate problem, and it has taken over ninety years of experiment and practice to perfect the system. By supplying the necessary funds for the research work of a special committee of Braille music experts the National Institute feels it can claim to have done national—and even international—work in the cause of music. It has just issued a Braille type text-book in which the revised system is fully explained. By means of this system it is claimed that anything possible to be imagined in the realm of musical sound can definitely and

adequately be committed to Braille, and for the first time in history both blind student and composer have now a perfect system of notation.

This work has naturally involved considerable charges upon the funds of the Institute, and it is felt that, as the task is at length successfully accomplished, the musical world should be taken into confidence, so that many who would doubtless be glad to participate in this work may do so, and so relieve the strain on the already overtaxed resources of the Institute—music being only one of its many activities.

To do this would indeed be to identify oneself with those who have laboured so incessantly, far away from the limelight, in a difficult side-track seldom explored or even thought of by sighted musicians, but who nevertheless belong to a fraternity united in a devotion to the only art which affords to the seeing and the blind a common meeting ground.

All communications on this subject and donations to the Institute should be addressed to the Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD WATSON
(Director of Music Publications).

224-6-8, Great Portland Street, W.1.

February 13, 1923.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

SIR,—One of the most popular classes in Girls' Clubs is the singing class, which gives an opportunity for the girls to sing to their hearts' content after a long day in the factory or workshop. But it is becoming more and more difficult to get teachers to conduct these classes, seeing that the Clubs are unable to afford a fee, especially during the present unemployment crisis. If any reader could spare any evening of the week to help in this way, we could assure him/her of a happy evening and an appreciative class. The girls usually meet from 8.15 to 9.30, and as assistance is wanted in a large number of Clubs, it would be quite easy for teachers to work in their own district. Offers of help will be gratefully received by the Secretary, National Organization of Girls' Clubs, 10, Gordon Square, W.C.4.—Yours, &c.,

MILLIE G. LEVY.

January 30, 1923.

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of March 1, 1863:

A PROFESSIONAL LADY (pupil of Signor Giulio Regondi) gives Lessons on the Concertina. For terms, &c., address, L. M., Novello & Co., 60, Dean Street, Soho.

CHORLTON.—Mr. R. Andrews's concert for the sewing classes in the district took place on February 21, in the Temperance Hall. The performance commenced with the *Dead March* on the harmonium, by Mr. G. S. Andrews, who also played a *Fantasia* on the pianoforte.

MANCHESTER (St. Peter's Church).—On Sunday, February 1, the grand organ by Messrs. Kirtland & Jardine, of Manchester, was re-opened by Mr. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. This fine instrument has four manuals, and contains seventy-two registers, of which sixty-one are sounding stops. From Mr. Joule's account of the organ, it appears that only twenty-six organs in the world exceed it in number of sounding stops; whilst, as a church organ, it ranks, in England, third, being exceeded only by the instruments in York Minster and Doncaster Parish Church.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT

Mr. Joseph Barnby as organist and choirmaster at St. Andrew's, Wells Street.

NEW SACRED SONG, by C. W. GLOVER.—'I want to be an Angel.' Post free for 13 stamps.

London: B. Williams, 11, Paternoster Row.

Sharps and Flats

It is a hypocritical chauvinism in a parade of self-intoxication that ranks MacDowell with Bach and Beethoven, and sheds tears of patriotic emotion over every American composer to the exclusion of Europe's greatest writers. It is a policy of exclusion that will get us nowhere.—O. G. Sonneck.

'Mind, Muscle, and Keyboard,' says an advertisement. It's all very well in an advertisement. But what about when it's in the next-door flat?—*Daily News*.

While only a few children now believe in Santa Claus, a great many grown-ups still think that grand opera is the acme of musical art.—*Leonard Liebberg*.

... *Parsifal*, that ghastly, organized hypocrisy of yesterday's highbrows.—*George Sampson*.

There is only one English composer to-day who really counts—Lord Berners.—*Darius Milhaud*.

The beautiful tenor solo, 'On, away! Awake, beloved!' was superbly sung.—*Local Paper*.

I declare that I do not know one single piece of modern music that has not got a tune. It is, however, often difficult to detect.—*Engel Gossens*.

It appears from my musical papers that there is another outbreak of Blissomania.—C. à Becket Williams.

Composers are much nicer people here [in America] than they are in England. . . . I'm sure I'll be accused of being pro-American, but . . . —*Ursula Greville*.

The trouble is that anyone can write a song—and apparently does. But there is no reason why they should all be worked off on unoffending audiences. We do not to-day sing the inferior songs of even the born song-writers of the past. Why should we sing the inferior songs of contemporary song-writers who were not born but made?—*Ernest Newman*.

I refuse to believe in any decay of German musical life. For me there is no other country but Germany where music is concerned: to me the least of our orchestras is a better interpreter of our great ones than the finest elsewhere—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, my father.—*Siegfried Wagner*.

If I had my way I would never return to England.—*Ursula Greville*.

'Berlin Hears Old d'Albert Work.'—*Musical America Headline*.

According to all accounts, old d'Albert still works very well.—*Musical Courier*.

Why have any key at all?—*Cyril Scott*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

A course of four lectures has been given in Duke's Hall on Wednesday afternoons during January and February by Dr. H. W. Richards. The subject of the first two was 'Chamber Music,' and of the last two 'The Development of the Pianoforte and Violin Sonata.' The lectures were illustrated by a selection of works from the great composers, played by pupils of Mr. Spencer Dyke.

The annual general meeting of the R.A.M. Club took place on Saturday evening, January 20, the president, Dr. Richards, being in the chair. After the report and balance-sheet had been received, the election of officers took place, the new president being Mr. J. B. McEwen. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Richards for the manner in which he had carried through two years of presidency (including the centenary year) with such marked success, both musically and socially. The Club voted a donation of £50 to the Centenary Theatre Fund. The first musical evening of the Club took place on Saturday, February 17, when an interesting programme of music was provided, which included Mr. McEwen's new Violin Sonata, Ravel's *Sonatina*, and a selection of songs.

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ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

An item of special interest in the term's orchestral concerts was Byrd's Suite arranged from his music in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book by Mr. Gordon Jacob, one movement being a striking experiment in campanological effects, obtained without the use of bells. It may be remembered that this Suite was used for the Byrd Ballet at last year's Oxford Music Festival.

Opera is flourishing, Gluck's *Orfeo*, with specially arranged Ballet, being in process of rehearsal. The manifold activities of the College are well justified, as the number of pupils now in residence is greater than ever before. The increased difficulties of administration consequent on this have resulted in the appointment of Mr. E. J. Polkinghorne—for many years chief clerk—to the new post of Bursar. M. J.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The outstanding items of interest of the College work during the past month were:

- (a) Two of a course of lectures on 'Mental efficiency—its importance to the music students,' given by Dr. Harold Chatterton, a member of the British Psychological Society, and physician to the British Hospital for Mental Disorders, and the interest in the course was amply shown by the large attendance not only of College students, but of the outside public, to whom the lectures were open without fee.
- (b) A special invitation recital by students of Mr. J. Charles Long and Madame Mary Rosenberg. The programme consisted of organ works by Bach, Mendelssohn, Widor, Rheinberger, &c., and vocal items from the works of Mozart, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and Ambroise Thomas. All were well rendered, especially those undertaken by Mr. George E. Ansell and Mr. Victor A. Spratt (organ), and Miss Zillah Bateman (vocalist). It was the first occasion of its kind at the College, and proved most successful.

This month yet another loss to the College is regretfully recorded, through the recent death of Albert E. Drinkwater. For over forty-two years—that is to say, from the early days of the institution of the College—he worked ceaselessly in many ways on its behalf, and happily lived to see the present very high position of the College, induced by so much earnest endeavour.

Sir Frederick Bridge, on behalf of the College, attended a distribution of certificates held at Norwich, and Dr. E. F. Horner paid a similar visit to Torquay.

BYRD AND WEEKES

This being the Tercentenary year of Byrd and Weekes, the paper at the Musical Association's meeting on January 9 paid due honour to these two composers. The lecturer was Mr. Gustav Holst, who said that though some decried centenary celebrations, he thought that England needed at least one a week. Only in England were the claims of her great composers almost ignored. Compare British music with British literature. The latter was the supreme form of art in England, and there had been a steady stream of first-rate poetry and prose from the earliest times until now, but there had been no steady stream of music in this country. Whilst literature had been a steady flame, music had been only a fitful glare, sometimes almost an explosion of apparently pent-up musical feeling which exhausted itself and left only darkness behind. When the next awakening came, the new body of English musicians had forgotten their forefathers, or disapproved of them, and had to learn their technique from foreigners.

In 1227 an Englishman wrote one of the world's masterpieces in music. It was unique, and remained so for nearly two hundred years, but it left no effect on music in England. English writers had tried to explain *Sumus is icumen in* as an accident. 'One swallow does not make a summer.' In art it did! This was two hundred years before Dunstable, whom foreigners acclaimed as the 'father of counterpoint.' So far as we could tell he left no influence on the next great

English composers, and a hundred and fifty years afterwards all Morley said of him was that he did not know how to set words to music. We thus come to the Tudor period, the age of discovery and rediscovery in the whole world.

Much the same was now going on with regard to English Tudor music. One hesitated to make a definite statement to-day because to-morrow it would probably be contradicted or modified. Ten years ago we called Byrd 'the English Palestrina.' We have been told that the time will come when Palestrina will be called 'the Italian Byrd'! Ten years ago it was usually agreed that Wilbye was the finest of the madrigal writers. Then began the publication of Fellowes's edition of the madrigal writers—Morley, Weelkes, Tomkins, Ward, &c.—which was greeted with congratulations all round. When Dr. Fellowes published the words only, literary people went into ecstasies, and rightly, but to be appreciated these words should be approached *vis à vis* their musical settings.

We could not form any final judgment, or any complete mental picture, but we could collect what we knew so far, and try and express a tentative impression. The general musical culture was high, even staggering. It was fairly easy to read Palestrina at sight; with Weelkes, Tomkins, and Ward it was different; and if Elizabethans were, as Morley said, competent to perform their works at sight, it implied no mean musicianship. In instrumental music, there was Hugh Aston, Bull, with his whole-tone scale, and Byrd and Mundy with their programme music. The English songs with lute accompaniment were wonderful alike in quantity and quality. Choral music was the natural idiom of expression in music. English composers had never written badly in the technical sense for chorus, though they had often written dull music. Tudor choral music abounded in chromatic harmonies, leaps, and other difficulties, that were considered impossible to singers last century. Even to-day, with all our modern wealth of chromatic discords, editors of Tudor music felt obliged to add foot-notes to the effect that certain chords and progressions were not printers' errors. English Tudor composers could do and express anything with voices. Their range of emotion was as great as Shakespeare's, and their technique as perfect as his.

The occasion of the Tercentenary was a good time to dwell on Byrd and Weekes, but to be of lasting use it should lead to the special study of their big contemporaries in turn. Byrd and Weekes did not include all that was best in Tudor music. Just now Byrd was being worshipped rather blindly, and unless we were careful we should soon be talking nonsense about him. At his best he seemed—like Mozart—to reach the summit of artistic expression, but when he was not there he was sometimes a very long way below. Weekes could do so many different things; he was almost as many-sided as Shakespeare; he was the real musical expression of the English character in his fantastic unexpectedness. We had been told at various times and by various people that really English art was always bright, solemn and severe, humorous, dull and conventional, wildly fantastic, mild and pleasant, ironic and satirical. Real English art contained all these and more, and the more variety it contained the more English it was, and the more it resembled Shakespeare, the most English of all English artists. Such was the characteristic of Tudor England, of Tudor literature, of Tudor music, and all the best English art—as, for instance, Victorian literature or 20th-century music.

We were told on all hands that the great characteristics of modern music were noise and discord. Possibly true, but in 1922 an Englishman produced the softest Symphony ever written for full orchestra and a choral work lasting twenty minutes consisting entirely of common chords. No foreigner would dare commit such outrages. As already said, English music had in the past flared up and disappeared. When the next awakening came, the new school learned its technique from abroad, as Purcell learned his chiefly from France and Italy, and as seventy years ago England learned from Germany, a very good choice of teacher by the way. Was the process to be repeated? Could we escape another twilight? There was, however, a new factor. We were learning our own classics, and therein lay the beginning of permanence.

London Concerts

VERDI'S *REQUIEM* AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

In grief our national temperament does not often permit us the relief of eloquence: the more deeply we feel, the more we are constrained to silence. It was far otherwise with Verdi, when he set about composing the *Requiem*. But, once shown the way, British singers can become vocal enough without misconstruing the sincerity which speaks in every phrase of this remarkable work. Inspiration of a high order waited upon the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies when recently performing it. Unsited to liturgical use it may be, according to our lights, but when treated in so reverent a spirit its effect is profoundly devotional. So to dwell upon the dominant aspect of the interpretation is to take for granted able technical reproduction, and this was, indeed, notable throughout. The choir was responsive in the minutiae of expression and phrasing, and negotiated with apparent ease the difficulties of fugue, counterpoint, and pitch with which the choral writing bristles. The band vied with the singers in precision and judgment, and the four soloists—Miss Carrie Tubbs, Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. David Ellis, and Mr. Norman Williams—being without exception capable and earnest in similar degree, the unity of the whole was presented in a fashion all too rare at musical events of this nature. Mr. Frank Idle, who, as conductor, was the fountain-head of all this discretion, is entitled to warm congratulation. H. F.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY

There were some excellent moments during the performance of *The Dream of Gerontius* and of the *Hymn of Jesus* at the Royal Choral Society's concert on February 3. The orchestral playing, under Dr. Adrian C. Boulton, was indeed admirable throughout. And if the choir was not all that it might have been, the cause lies probably in the fact that these singers know Elgar's work too well and the Holst work not well enough. They were so familiar with the technical aspects of *The Dream of Gerontius* that they seemed to take its spiritual aspect for granted, and familiarity bred carelessness. But they were so sure of themselves and of their ability that even the different pitch of organ and orchestra caused only momentary embarrassment. On the other hand, the *Hymn of Jesus* is still a land of surprises where it is not yet advisable to 'let oneself go,' heedless of consequences. But there is every probability that a second performance under the same conductor would give remarkable results—especially if the soloists of the *Dream* differed from the last interpreters in the capacity to recreate the atmosphere of the work and inspire the chorus. Mr. John Adams is a singer of considerable merit, but he lacks just that quick and instinctive feeling for the dramatic element of *Gerontius* which made the greatness of Mr. John Coates's interpretation. And we imagine that choristers, being human, cannot help depending, as regards imaginative grasp of music, upon the lead of the soloists. Miss Olga Haley would have sung most admirably had the Angel's part been anything but what it is. She is so excellent an artist that by sheer instinctive *savoir faire* she often won through to excellence. But this is clearly not her genre. By far the most adequate and satisfactory performance was that of Mr. Harold Williams, a singer of unusual ability and intelligence. B. V.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

The Royal Philharmonic Society's programme at Queen's Hall, on January 25, was inferior to the average. No doubt it was a bid for popularity to give most of the evening over to Rachmaninov's Concerto in C minor and Dvorák's *New World* Symphony—both of them works which it is the Society's just pride to have introduced to London; but their success has been scored, their place is fixed, hardly a month passes without them, so the Philharmonic need not feel bound to keep their memory green. The Society did not even gain through banking on hackneyed music—there were unusual gaps in the house. Sapelnikov was the soloist in the Concerto, as he had been at the first performance in 1902. These works, and also the Bach C minor Fantasia and Fugue in Elgar's gorgeous

version, were conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. The same Fantasia and Fugue had already opened the previous symphony concert of the week (L.S.O., under Goossens), and it makes so nobly festal a beginning to an evening of serious music that everyone hopes Sir Edward will carry on the good work and score many more of Bach's Organ Fugues, so that 'Bach-Elgar' become the accustomed prelude of a Queen's Hall concert.

Mr. Arthur Hinton conducted his new scena *Semele* at this concert (singer, Miss Marcia van Dresser). Something about the look of the text in the programme-book started an uncomfortable suspicion that this was going to be frigid music. The verses, by a poetess of Boston (U.S.A.), were quite a clean exercise; they might have been the answer to an examiner's request for 'not more than twenty lines on any subject from classical mythology.' Of course the music followed suit. Poor Mr. Hinton! Whatever interest was he at this time of day able to work up over *Semele*? What could he in his turn do but write a quite clean exercise? But it would have been more amusing if he had written his *pasticcio* in any manner other than late 19th century romanticism. For one thing, any other style would have allowed us to hear the singer.

The London Symphony Orchestra's evening on January 22, conducted by Eugène Goossens, was given to the Ninth Symphony, in which the Bach Choir and a quartet led by Miss Dorothy Silk sang. The music was performed with the utmost tact and respect. It has seldom sounded so natural, unforced, and limpid. The spirit, one fancied, was that of the ancient performances before Wagner began to allege peculiar magic properties in this work. It sounded, for once, not gigantically tumultuous, but reasonable enough, although long. Mr. Goossens conducted the *Faust* Overture of Wagner very beautifully—like a prince of surgeons, absorbed and dispassionate, demonstrating on the cadaver. To the few first-rate moments of the music full justice was done, and its general weakness was never more clearly displayed. It was a delightful concert, yet on the whole we feel that when Mr. Goossens conducts we should as a rule welcome a more Goossens-like programme.

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the next L.S.O. concert (February 5), and no one will forget in a hurry the opening item, his (and Tchaikovsky's) *Francesca da Rimini*. It made one think of the Middle Ages and the belief in demoniacal possession. The gifted and exceptional conductor appeared to be charged with the spirit of the music—like a Leyden jar, quite dangerously charged—so that the orchestra was thoroughly frightened into doing any mortal thing to placate him. They caught some of his vitality and his faith that the thing was worth doing in the most vivid way possible. Oh, it was prodigious! Only, if one did not care more than moderately for the music he felt a kind of shamefacedness at witnessing the orgy—as though he were an unbeliever intruding on some insensate and delirious religious rite.

Such a temperature could not be kept up even by the exalted M. Koussevitzky. The Brahms Symphony (in F: the gracious and domestic No. 3) was a half-success. The conductor could not hope to curdle our blood in that homely landscape, but was sometimes unnecessarily portentous or else over-excitable. The rest of the programme was a return to Moscow and minor Muscovitisms. Ravel, after Sir Henry Wood, has scored Moussorgsky's *Picture Show* pianoforte suite, a work which (if I may be personal) bores me in any shape, because I cannot, in the absence of anything much in the music, keep my eyes off the programme, and the programme always enumerates the subjects of the pictures, and the names of the pictures conjure up so depressing a third-rate provincial show. One is 'A little gnome, hobbling on deformed legs,' another a 'Ballet of chickens in their shells,' a third a picture of some one in the catacombs. Could they have been anything but dreadfully bad pictures? *Allegro vivace* and *Allegretto non troppo* make so much better titles for music, anyhow.

Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams conducted his *London* Symphony at Sir Henry Wood's concert on February 10. Still waters run deep. It is a rare, deep mind that courses through the solemn stillness of this Symphony's *Lento*. We cannot be grateful enough for it. We do not admire 'audacity,' 'sublimity,' 'the composer's accomplished

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architectonics,' or what not, in this Symphony; for there it is, a living thing, with its mildly-glowing halo of beauty. One is touched at the sight and another passes indifferent, but there undoubtedly the star is, serenely above the horizon. Wordsworth on Calais sands!

After that the concert plunged into restaurant music (Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto). The soloist, Nikisch *filis*, went for his job hard. (Below you see him 'snapped' after the rehearsal.) As for Inghelbrecht's *Autumnal Sketches*, they ought to have been done before Debussy—not after.



Photo by

[Sydney J. Loch]

MITJA NIKISCH

DOHNÁNYI'S JOKE

It is a tragedy for the would-be humorist if his keen shafts flash unnoted across the vision. Mr. Ernst Dohnányi, in inscribing his *Variations on a Nursery Song* for orchestra, with pianoforte obbligato, played for the first time in England at a recent Queen's Hall Symphony concert. 'For the joy of the friends of humour and the vexation of the others,' at least removed this possibility. But his fancy plays so truly comically around and about the well-known simple French song, *Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman*, that the precaution should have been unnecessary. The exaggerations of style are adroit and justly calculated to intrigue. The casual hearer could hardly hear the pompous introduction without a little suspecting its serious intention; and when the pianoforte gives out the ingenuous little tune in octaves, suspicion becomes certainty. The spirit of light-hearted comedy is maintained with singular address, yielding only—to remove the last excuse for misapprehension—in the bassoon's farcical moments, throughout the eleven (very free) variations, and the final *Fugato*, planned with a vast elaboration only to be compassed by a master of the symphonic medium. The intellectual appeal never flags, but is perhaps happiest when the composer is burlesquing the manners of other composers. The score should repay study from a purely academic point of view, for the structure of the movements is orthodox and quite on a classical scale. With the composer himself at the pianoforte, and Sir Henry Wood—who had evidently rehearsed his forces with accustomed meticulous care for detail—in charge, the infant had, at its baptism, sponsors of ideal irresponsibility, and the Friends of Humour, at all events, will wish it, with gratitude for all it represents of musical health and strength, a long and successful career.

H. F.

SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Miss Dorothy Silk sang some Purcell, Bach, and Handel at her concert on February 1, and there were also madrigals and other music (including Purcell's fine and curious *Saul and the Witch of Endor*) by the 'English Singers.' Miss Silk's singing on that afternoon will be remembered for long by some of us. For those who know her art and the habitual fine matching of matter and manner in her performance, it will be enough to say that she was better even than usual, better than ever before. Mostly at concerts and elsewhere we get rare streaks of art, art in the rough, in the raw, like unsmelted ore, and unless we are going to be always discontented we must concentrate for enjoyment on these streaks—on the simple 'airing' of a beautiful voice, for instance, no matter what it sings. And where the will is the skill isn't, most often. But that evening it was not lop-sided singing; Miss Silk was the will and the deed, the spirit and the letter of song. I think I have found Miss Silk's prime secret when I say that she acts up to the limits of her music's injunctions and never a step beyond; she presents it for what it is, and not for what she can put into it. Take the piece of Purcell, *The Expostulation of the Blessed Virgin*, which she has brought back into fame. I hardly dare say how beautiful I think it, because to-morrow I may hear someone else laying on heavy strokes and the structure will crash, whereas Miss Silk's series of poignant little inflections built up a picture of simply ideal pathos. Miss Silk's singing shows how the power of dramatic expression can be compassed by a lyric soprano, and how little 'big tone' affects the issue either way.

Two young singers with gifts, Gilbert Bailey and Alfred O'Shea, were heard within one evening. Mr. O'Shea, when first he sang last year, set us all hoping. But he shows no improvement. Is he going to be content with a ballad-singer's fame? He can manage all that sort of thing perfectly—excepting that even a ballad-singer is supposed to learn his notes more carefully than Mr. O'Shea had learnt the first of his arias that evening. The next one was good, for Mr. O'Shea is undoubtedly a fine young spouting song-bird. Mr. Gilbert Bailey sang a jolly list of English songs—folk-songs, lute-songs, and the moderns; and we enjoyed the music, and enjoyed the singer's jolly, frank manner. Then, after a spell of his easy, friendly utterance, the ear asked for a well-strung phrase—a phrase that, after various verbal discourse, should tell us of the beauty of the voice in full deployment. It did not come. Song must command intensity as well as ease. It is bad, of course, to sing with over-compressed tone. But how far can an uncontrolled looseness take one? The singer's art is based on the conservation and the paying-out of breath at will.

Mr. John Goss's singing (he was heard at one of Lady Dean Paul's concerts) thoroughly commands respect. His groundwork is sound, and he has quick intelligence in going to the heart of a song. A certain seriousness, and even depression, casts a cloud over much of his work; but this, one would say, is not so much a matter of technique as a mental attitude. No one sings Wolf better. Miss Olga Haley chose a beautiful little nosegay of modern French songs for one of her Tea-time concerts, given with Mr. Titterton, and again we applaud a singer of the highest ideals, though we think her technique must still be somewhat modified before she realises the possibilities of her already beautiful voice and her rich musicianship. I suggest, for one thing, that Miss Haley never opens her mouth half wide enough. And even when her words are fairly clear one seldom has the sensation of easy naturalness in their production.

Mr. Wilfrid Temple, tenor, who sang at Wigmore Hall, may be earnestly advised to go on studying. It is a voice that will well repay the trouble, for it is of a delightfully frank character. He can give us good open tones without resorting to the *voce bianca*; there is latent power; he has the gift of impassioned utterance, and can manage a beautiful soft tone—no small catalogue of virtues! Against this must be set some angular phrasing, the over-emphasis of meanings, much 'mouthing,' and much unnecessary accentuation of minor words. 'Total Eclipse' (*Samson*) is in itself music of grand pathos; it does not become a bit more poignant by the aid of those indications of stage woe which

we expect in *Pagliacci*. Schubert's *Serenade* was also spoilt by the young singer's undue anxiety lest the plain sense of the piece were eluding us.

Madame Léonie Zifado, at the same hall, made a good impression in a programme that started with Purcell, Mozart, and Gluck. An excellently supple voice, which, with experience, will be put to varied artistic use without compromising its character. The voice is well trained, equal throughout its range, and always of good quality. In English she seemed a shade diffident, and some words might have had more weight. She appeared to fear a 'crested' diction, and the landscape was therefore flat. We do not want to see this promising young person adopt the habit of too easy elision—the habit of certain eminent singers who quite well might, but simply won't, sing English with distinction. She was best in *Voi che sapete*, and, indeed, her well-regulated flow of tone made all her Mozart-singing very fine. Mr. Anthony Bernard and his orchestra helped to raise this recital much above the average.

Mr. Ben Davies made an admirable choice of artistic songs at his recital on February 10, and sang them mightily well. If a critic may presume to fancy himself for a moment in the distinguished veteran's boots, this critic would lop off one top note, add another at the bottom and (at sixty-five!) start a fresh career as a first-rate high baritone; and (with such a programme as that of the 10th) the new generation would be as charmed as was the generation of Mr. Davies's young days. Mr. Davies has the fervour and more than the art of a young man. Only his extreme high notes show signs of wear. On the other hand, his middle and low notes actually have a new richness. His singing of 'Total Eclipse' was an object-lesson. In Brahms's *Country Solitude* his *mezzo-voce* was beautiful. Frank Bridge, Roger Quilter, and Peter Warlock were represented on the programme.

Only the first few phrases of her first piece (an air from Massenet's *Le Cid*) were enough to show that Miss Elsa Murray-Aynsley understood her art. The opening notes of the recitative were alive with meaning, the effect being made less by singing than by justly-pointed speech. Then in the aria a delicious voice was revealed. Even if some other things did not quite so well suit her (the *Gopak* of Moussorgsky and Rachmaninov's *Spring Waters* ask for a more powerful physique), she steadily refrained from being in the slightest degree unmusical—she never attempted to snatch a success outside the proper field of song. For some tastes she may overact on the platform, but this manner of hers does not at all mitigate her charming tone, which is produced both with easefulness and intensity. She sings, not in, but *with* her throat—and she knows how to open her mouth! There was never a restriction to the jet of tone. Her voice soars, and it has a moving 'yearning' quality seldom met with in sopranos. She was a singer one felt the liveliest desire to hear again.

Miss Alison King, who was heard on the same evening, had agreeably arranged her programme, and, from the part I heard, may be judged to have a not large but decidedly pretty voice, used attractively if not with the most striking distinction.

H. J. K.

JOHN COATES'S RECITALS

John Coates continues his wonderful series of song recitals at Chelsea, usually filling the Town Hall, and sometimes 'turning money away.' His programmes are remarkable. It is indeed probable that no singer in the country spends so much time and thought upon programme-compilation. Coates appears to make it his business to become acquainted with everything that is printed in the way of serious British song, and, in addition, he somehow gets a sight of a great deal that has not passed through the hands of a publisher. Out of this mass of material he chooses. Not everything he sings is of first quality, but all reaches a certain standard and (roughly speaking) all is worth the test of public performance. Whether the test is applied quite fairly is another matter, for Coates puts so much into the singing of each song on his programme that only the very few deliberately critical members of his audience seem to recognise the existence of several grades of quality, the rest of them applauding with equal vigour good things and less

good, and even giving some slight preference often to the latter, especially if they happen to be of the kind that permit Coates to exhibit some stunt-virtuosity (for he is not without this) or some unexpected touch of humour.

At the recital on January 23 twenty-two songs were given. Of these no fewer than seventeen had their first performance in London, and eight were still in manuscript (it is surprising to learn that Denis Browne's *To Gratiana, dancing and singing*, is still amongst these—a fine flowing melody, and a simple but noble chordal accompaniment). Two recently published songs of Balfour Gardiner's, *The Quiet Garden* and *Rybbesdale*, proved to be acceptable and tuneful things, though in no wise novel; Felix White's hilarious *The Laughing Cavalier* is still in manuscript, but should not long remain so; Gerrard Williams's *The Golden Age* (published) is successful, but of no special musical importance; Dunhill's *Beauty and Beauty* (published) is a quite effective setting of Rupert Brooke's words; Armstrong Gibbs's *Five Eyes* (published) is rhythmic and melodious, no more (the audience wanted it three times, and got it twice); Phyllis Taylor's *A Monument* (MS.), words (and to some extent music) 'after an ancient fashion,' is not at all a bad little thing in its way; Leslie Woodgate's *Primrose and Columbine* is pleasant; Francis Toye's *Red-skirted Ladies* (published) is good, ordinary, effective writing; Cowen's *Ladies of St. James* is the same. The latter is likely to have a run of popularity on account of its old-world dance swing. Herbert Hughes's *He climbs his lady's tower* (published) is clever and unusual.

Some other new songs given on this occasion failed in various ways. In a few cases the composers had so set the words as to slow up intolerably their impact on the listener's brain. In some other cases where, as settings, the songs were reasonably well thought out, the music was commonplace. As usual, Mr. Coates had a perfect accompanist in Mr. Berkeley Mason.

P. A. S.

GOOSSENS CHAMBER CONCERTS

Something ought certainly to be done to brighten the London post-Christmas musical season, which has so far lacked thrill, and when Mr. Goossens announced a series of chamber concerts we all felt cheered and encouraged. At the date of this journal's going to press two of the concerts have been given, and, on the whole, we are most of us feeling disappointed.

Apart from his work as a composer, we associate the name of Goossens with two things—finished performance and startling novelty of programme: either he charms us by his command of the orchestra, or he 'makes us sit up' with the latest French or Russian stimulant. Now the standard of performance at these latest concerts has been good, but not supremely so, and the programmes, though they have contained novelties, have proved nevertheless rather dull.

Of the British chamber music played, the unpretending but very effective Bax String Quartet in G has been the best. The Ireland second Pianoforte Trio, the Goossens Pianoforte Quintet, and the Gerrard Williams second Quartet have also been played: each of them possessing its own kind of merit, but not one of them really first-rate in its quality. A new set of *Three Short Pieces for Wind Instruments*, by John R. Heath, has proved to be very bare and commonplace, and Respighi's poem for voice and string quartet, *Il Tramonto* ('The Sunset,' words by Shelley), turned out to be long-winded and wandering.

The songs performed have been no better. Mr. Goossens's own *Melancholy* and *Philomel* are far-fetched and hardly worth fetching so far. Mr. Herbert Bedford's *Ships that pass in the Night* and *Evangeline* passes do not justify the composer's claims for unaccompanied song (the latter is much the more effective), nor does Mr. Felix White's *Desolation*; and of a varied group of songs by British, American, and French composers (Bantock, Grovier, Whitehorn, Roussel, Carpenter) grouped together under the general descriptive title of *Chinoiserie*, Roussel's *A jeune gentilhomme* proved much the most musicianly and poetical.

This last group of songs was effectively given by Anne Thurstield. The other singer who has appeared is Marcia

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van Dresser, whose general conception is altogether too static. The Philharmonic and Wood-Smith String Quartets, the London Wind Quartet, John Ireland, Goossens himself, and Kathleen Long have also performed.

P. A. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE AT CAIRO

BY FREDERICK KITCHENER

I really think that Cairo, in which I carried on my musical work with more or less success for some ten years after 1909, is the most extraordinary city in the world; it is certainly the most cosmopolitan. 'Cairo,' says an old Arab writer, 'is a microcosm of the world'; and to me, twelve years ago, a young man who had been immured for years in one of the dullest of small English country towns, the place was a joy and a revelation. The wonderful sunny climate, the colours of the garments, the strange cosmopolitan crowd, the happy excursions on camel or donkey to places of interest, the ancient, dreamy, perfumed Oriental life existing side by side with every comfort and refinement of modern European civilisation—all this made me rub my eyes and ask, Am I really here, or is it all a passing dream, from which I shall awaken to the miserable, sordid realities—the mud, fog, drabness, and wood-smokiness of Toadcastle-in-the-Hole?

I could fill pages of description, but my object here is to touch briefly on a few points. I was supremely happy at Cairo until my health gave way, and the reader will, I think, agree that I had everything to make me so.

The great feature of Cairene musical life is the opera. As every musician knows, the Cairo Opera House was opened in 1870, during the festivities in connection with the inauguration of the Suez Canal. Verdi himself was commissioned by the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, father of the present Sultan Fouad, to write for the occasion an opera upon an Egyptian subject, *Aida* being the result. Ever since, with the exception of the period during the war, there has been an opera season each year. Cairenes are almost note-perfect in all the principal Italian and French operas, ancient and modern; and woe betide the unfortunate singer who comes not up to scratch! I myself have seen such an one hooted from the stage with derision, and have known him, to hoarse cries of 'Assassin!' hustled from the theatre, and ultimately, bag and baggage, from the land of Egypt.

My seat generally found me in it four nights a week, and I got to know the best French, Italian, and German operas—the latter chiefly Wagner. (We even did Strauss's *Salome*, head-scene and all, before you nightingales had it!) There was also an unforgettable performance of *Aida* at the Great Pyramid in the spring of 1912, given by the Company which was at the Opera House that season, Alvarez taking the title-role. This original idea came from the fertile brain of Saint-Saëns, who regularly wintered at Cairo before the war. All this was an experience almost impossible to be gained in England. A very noticeable thing was the scarcity of my compatriots at the Opera House: a half-dozen or so, generally, in a house crowded from top to bottom; and it was certainly humiliating to one's national pride that no British opera was ever performed there.

But British music in other forms is slowly making its way, even in the ultra-foreign atmosphere of Cairo. Every Sunday morning, from about October until May, an orchestral concert is given in the spacious Kursaal. Signor Bonomi, the conductor, told me just before I left that he was about to do Elgar's *Enigma Variations*—'A perfect work of genius!' he said enthusiastically, and went on to speak of the large extra amount of practice that the orchestra would be obliged to put in for anything like a decent reading of the work. Mention of Elgar reminds me that I once saw on a street placard the announcement in great letters that a 'Marche—Pumps and Circumstances—Elgar' would be performed on the following Sunday.

Egypt is a splendid country for a pianist; his hands never get cold; here in England, with numbed and reddened fingers, the difference is keenly realised. Strange that a country with such an unspeakable climate as that of England should be the best in the world—the betterness

of England, with the sole exception of matters musical, being the chief impression that one gains after a lengthy sojourn among foreigners of any kind! So low were the opinions of the Cairo foreigners of the musical tastes of the English in general that they would express the greatest astonishment when I played the pianoforte. 'We never thought that an Englishman had it in him to play so.' They were tremendously appreciative and enthusiastic about it. I had at Cairo pianoforte pupils of twenty-two nationalities—British, Australian, American, French, Italian, Greek, Spanish, Belgian, Swiss, Russian, Danish, Austrian, Maltese, Egyptian, Turkish, Syrian, Jewish, Albanian, Circassian, one Norwegian, one Hungarian, and one pure-blooded Arab. The Egyptian and Turco-Egyptian ladies, chiefly of the families of Pashas, were especially interesting and engaging; some of them played Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin very well, spoke several languages fluently, and were well read and facile in conversation. They would often entertain me at tea-parties, and always treated me with the greatest kindness. There is a movement on foot among the better-educated Egyptians, especially the women, to cultivate and understand the best European music.

The native Arabic music is also most interesting, if not precisely charming at first to a European ear. Two or three years ago there was started at Cairo an Oriental Music Club, a pianoforte pupil of mine, Gafar Pasha Wali (late Minister of the Interior), being on the committee. He often took me with him to the monthly musical performances by the Club members, where we sat on imposing chairs of red velvet and gilt, which are a feature of all Egyptian feasts and entertainments. The programmes were rather too long for genuine enjoyment, lasting some three hours without an interval. Remarkable performances were occasionally given on the *oud*, a kind of large guitar; the *gandon*, an Egyptian dulcimer; and the *kamanga*, a small violin. Several Egyptian gentlemen of means and leisure devote most of their time to the study of one or another of these instruments, and have become genuine virtuosi. In Gafar Pasha's house I once heard a splendid performance upon the *oud* by a Bey, or notable, whose execution was really astonishing.

Music—Arabic music, of course—plays a large part in the lives of the Egyptians. But the real Arabic music in no way resembles the make-believe Oriental music which is dished up to the unsuspecting British public by certain 'ultra-modern' British composers. To get the true Oriental atmosphere one must live among and mix with Orientals and speak their language, so as to be able to exchange thoughts with them. One of the best traits of the Egyptians is their generosity to their native musicians, whom they pay handsomely for an evening's entertainment. Would that the same could be said of the members of the British colony at Cairo!

'Singing-women' are a feature of Cairo life. Sitti (or 'lady') Tawhida, the most famous and wealthy of these, keeps a hall in the centre of the city, the place being called 'Alf Leyl wa Leyl,' or 'The Thousand Nights and One Night.' She is a handsome woman, but no longer young, being, in fact, middle-aged. Her figure is massive, and her voice no longer at its best, but as she comes on to the platform resplendently dressed, with heavy gold bangles completely covering her arms and ankles, and solid gold chains round her neck, there emanates from her a wonderful personal magnetism. She draws crowded houses every time.

One night, in the house of an Egyptian general, I sat through an evening's entertainment by an equally famous but less personally impressive singer. I was the only 'ferangi,' or foreigner, present, the rest of the company, about twelve altogether, being Egyptians. To us there entered a strong-visaged female, with a face, I thought, very much resembling the portraits of Beethoven. She was enveloped in a kind of cloak of a rough, towel-like material. Her voice, as she took up her *oud* and began to chant weird Arabic melodies, was the deepest feminine voice I had ever heard. She sang for an hour and a half, after which we adjourned to a sumptuous European buffet in an adjoining room. Having eaten, we sat through another two hours of her singing before leaving. The audience became more and more excited with each

successive song; her repertoire was of an amorous and more or less untranslatable nature, and at the conclusion of each number she was regaled with copious cognac by the company. When I came away she had reached a decidedly mellow condition.

But here I begin to touch on reminiscences, and the field is so wide and crowded that its harvest had better be reserved for the autobiography which I hope to write when I have become old, famous, notorious, or garrulous.

Music in the Provinces

ABERDEEN.—A choral and orchestral concert at the Music Hall on February 8 upheld Aberdeen's tradition. Hamilton Harty's *Mystic Trumpeter* was performed with great effect, and the programme further included Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*, and Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony. Mr. Willan Swainson conducted, and the performers were the Aberdeen Oratorio Choir, the Aberdeen Bach Choir, the Scottish Orchestra, and Mr. Herbert Heyner.

ABERYSTWYTH.—At the hundred and first concert in connection with the University College School of Music, on January 18, the central feature was the playing by Miss Emelie Roberts of a Concerto for harp by Pierné, and a solo, *Nordische Ballade*, by Pœnitz. Dr. D. J. Lloyd conducted.

BIRMINGHAM.—A first performance of H. Ormond Anderson's *A Song of Life*, for chorus and orchestra, was given at the City Orchestra's symphony concert on February 7. Mr. Joseph Lewis conducted. The difficult choral writing being well surged by the City Choir. The reception accorded to the new work was no more than moderately cordial, its complexity and lack of superficial attractiveness operating against it. At the same concert Mr. Albert Sammons gave a sure and masterly interpretation of Brahms's Violin Concerto, Mr. Appleby Matthews conducting. Tchaikovsky loomed large in the programme of the symphony concert of a fortnight before, both the fourth Symphony and the B flat minor Piano-forte Concerto, with Mr. Egon Petri as soloist, being played. Mr. Matthews secured a somewhat sensational reading of the Symphony. Among features of the Sunday orchestral concerts have been a revival of Haydn's *Surprise* Symphony under Mr. Lewis, and the conducting of Parry's Suite for strings and Holst's *Beni Mora* by Mr. Michael Wilson. A first performance of a pleasant *Caprice* for orchestra by Mr. Paul Beard, the leader of the band, was included in one of Mr. Matthews's programmes. At a Sunday chamber concert, Messrs. Alexander Cohen and Anderson Tyrer gave a first local performance of Catoire's *Poem Sonata*. Dohnányi's D flat Quartet has been played by the Birmingham String Quartet at a Mid-day concert. Recitals have been given by Miss Dorothy d'Orsay (with Schumann's *Woman's Life and Love* cycle); Miss Sotham and Miss Mary Abbott in piano-forte duets; Miss Emily Broughton, who sang one of the solo cantatas Bach composed to Italian texts; Mr. Leonard Rayner and Mr. Wilfred Ridgway, both pianists. Mr. Rosenthal and Mr. Pouchinov appeared at 'celebrity' concerts, and Miss Lily Thorrington specialised in modern music at her recital. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* was sung at a Civic Board concert by the Walsall Madrigal Society under Mr. Joseph Yates. The Clarinet Quintets of Brahms and Mozart have been played to the Malvern Concert Club by the Hambleton String Quartet in collaboration with Mr. Charles Draper.

BLACKBURN.—The annual concert of the Blackburn Ladies' Choir, conducted by Mr. F. Duckworth, was again an affair of importance. The programme included Holst's eight-part *Ave Maria*, E. Douglas Taylor's *How sweet the moonlight sleeps*, and Challinor's *My true love hath my heart*.

BRADFORD.—The thirteenth season of the Free Chamber Concerts opened in the Mechanics' Institute on January 15, when Messrs. Sam Midgley and Douglas Bentley ('cello)

played Sonatas by Brahms and Marcello. The Hallé Orchestra, under Mr. Hamilton Harty, played the Bach-Elgar Fantasia and Fugue, also Respighi's *Fountains of Rome*, at the Bradford Subscription Concert on January 19, Pouchinov was then the pianist in Rachmaninov's Concerto in C minor. During a fortnight's season at the Alhambra, beginning on January 22, the British National Opera Company presented the *Ring*, in addition to *Hansel and Gretel* (including a special matinee for children), *Phæbus and Pan*, and the usual popular list. Crowded houses and a high standard of performance were the rule. The City Council voted £170 towards the expenses of the children's performance of *Hansel and Gretel*. Mr. Eugène Goossens conducted the Bradford Permanent Orchestra on January 27, a fine reading being secured of César Franck's Symphony and of the conductor's own Scherzo, *Tam o' Shanter*. The Drake Trio played works by Arensky (F minor) and Hurlstone (G major) at the Mechanics' Institute on January 29. On January 30, Mr. Albert Sammons was associated with Mr. Herbert Johnson (piano-forte) in the *Kreutzer* Sonata and a solo programme, to which Miss Dorothy Parkinson contributed several songs. The Chamber Music Players (Albert Sammons, Lionel Tertis, Cedric Sharpe, and William Murdoch) appeared on February 2 at the third of the Subscription Chamber Concerts. A chamber concert of Beethoven, Dvorák, and Frank Bridge, plus *On Wenlock Edge*, was given by the Drake Quartet on February 9 under the auspices of the Bradford B.M.S.

BRIDGEND.—At its annual concert on February 14, the Glee Society sang Cowen's *Spring*, Balfour Gardiner's *Cargoes*, Elgar's *Snow*, and some pieces by Cyril Jenkins. Mr. J. Bedford Morgan conducted, and the Philharmonic String Quartet played.

BRISTOL.—Mr. Arnold Barter, lecturing to the West of England Musical Education Society on January 13, gave an analytical description of Elgar's Symphony which will be played at the forthcoming Philharmonic concert, and a party of instrumentalists illustrated the leading themes. Mr. Hubert W. Hunt lectured on January 23 before members of the David Thomas Literary Society in the Memorial Church, Bishopston. His subject was 'Worship Music,' and in illustration the church choir sang Arcadelt's *Ave Maria* (to verses from Psalm lv.), *Almighty and Everlasting God* (Gibbons), and Stanford's *O living Will that shalt endure*. Mr. Alec T. Weekes was at the organ.

Mr. Albert Sammons gave a recital at Colston Hall on January 24. At the Philharmonic Society's concert on January 27 Elgar's Symphony in A flat was performed, also Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture and the Bach Piano-forte Concerto in D minor, in which the solo part was played by Mr. Harold Samuel. The choir of a hundred and twenty voices sang Byrd's carol *This day Christ was born*, Morley's *April is in my mistress' face*, and Holst's setting of the 15th-century words *Bring us in good ale*. Mr. Arnold Barter conducted, and Mr. Samuel played pieces by Albeniz, Ravel, and Debussy. Clifton Chamber Concert Party included in its programme on February 6 a Sonata in F sharp minor by Jean Huré, for piano-forte and 'cello, played by Mr. Herbert Parsons and Mr. Percy Lewis, Tchaikovsky's Piano-forte Trio, with Madame Adolphi as violinist, and Beethoven's String Quartet in C minor, with Miss Hilda Barr as second violinist and Mr. Alfred Best playing the viola. On February 7 Mr. J. Bright Harvey conducted Fishponds Choral Society of sixty voices, in *Music all-powerful* (Walmisley), *Hymn to Music* (Dudley Buck), *Revel of the Leaves* (G. A. Veazie), Pearsall's *When Allan-a-Dale*, and pieces by Hatton and Pinsuti. The Orpheus Society held its Annual Ladies' Night in Colston Hall on February 8, under Mr. George Riseley's direction. Included in the programme were Elvey's *From yonder rustling mountains*, Dr. Bexfield's *The Death of Hector*, Alex. Patterson's setting of *The Wedding of Shon Maclean*, Mr. Riseley's setting of *Where'er my footsteps stray*, *The Drowsy Woods* (A. M. Storch), *Hymn to Cupid* (Martin), *Down in the Valley* (Minnie Crispin), and *I know an eye* (Chwatal).

CARDIFF.—Elgar's *King Olaf* was performed on January 20 at the forty-second annual concert of the Blue Ribbon Choir.—The Catholic Choral Society, numbering two hundred voices, sang at the Capitol on January 21, conducted by Mr. T. J. O'Leary. Mr. Lionel Falkland's Orchestra played Grieg's *Slavonic Rhapsody*.—At Park Hall, on January 21, Mr. Garforth Mortimer's orchestra played Liszt's *Les Préludes* and an Overture, *Hungadi Laszlo*, by Erkel. Mr. Frank Mullings was the vocalist.—On February 3 Mr. Herbert Ware's String Orchestra played Mozart's *Serenade*, two of Grieg's *Album Lieder*, and Elgar's E minor Suite. A Beethoven Pianoforte Trio and a Mozart Violin Sonata were also played. Sir Henry Walford Davies was prevented by illness from keeping his lecture engagement, and a paper written by Dr. W. H. Reed was read by a deputy.—The third concert for this season of the Chamber Music Society on February 12 was the occasion of a visit by the Bohemian String Quartet, which played the Novák Quartet in G, Ravel in F, and Beethoven in E minor.

CARLISLE.—Brahms's *Requiem* was performed by the Carlisle Choral Society at its second concert of the season on February 8, the solo parts being taken by Miss Noel Eadie and Mr. Arthur Cranmer.

CHATHAM.—The Band of the Royal Engineers was heard on January 16 in Dvorák's *New World Symphony*, a Suite, *From the Samoan Isles*, by Geelch, and Saint-Saëns's *Le Rouet d'Omphale*.—On January 17 Dr. Hoby gave the first of a series of lectures dealing with the fundamental principles of listening to music.—On January 22 the Band of the Royal Marines played Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic Symphony*, the *Magic Flute* Overture, and Grainger's *Mock Morris*. Dr. Hoby conducting.—On January 23 the Band of the Royal Engineers played Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony, Coleridge-Taylor's *Nero Suite*, and a Tarantelle, *Die Fischerinnen von Prociada*, by Raff. Lieut. Neville Flux conducted.—The Royal Engineer Orchestra, conducted by Lieut. Neville Flux, played the *Jupiter Symphony*, *Die Meistersinger* Overture, and German's *Welsh Rhapsody* on February 6.

DUMFRIES.—On February 9 the Dumfries Select Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Stark, gave what is said to be the first complete performance of J. B. McEwen's *Solway Symphony*. The composer disclaims all idea of programme music in this Symphony, but each movement has a poetical motive which furnishes an obvious clue to its general intention. The movements are three—'Springtide,' 'Moonlight,' and 'Sou'-west Wind. Miss Fanny Davies collaborated in Beethoven's fourth Pianoforte Concerto, and the Overtures *Ruv Blas* and *Der Freischütz* were performed. The wind section of the band was recruited from the Hallé Orchestra.

DUNDEE.—In the Caird Hall, on February 7, the Amateur Choral Society gave a performance of Berlioz's *Faust*. The soloists were Miss Agnes Nicholls, Mr. Frank Mullings, Mr. Herbert Heyner, and Mr. Robert Watson. A feature of the performance was the singing of two hundred children in the last scene. The Scottish Orchestra accompanied, and Mr. Charles M. Cowe conducted.

EDINBURGH.—Sir Henry Wood conducted the Scottish Orchestra at the Patterson orchestral concert on January 16, when Borodin's second Symphony and Glinka's Overture to *Russian and Ludmilla* were played. A Suite of selected pieces by Purcell included the Prelude from *Dioclesian*, the Minuet from *The Distressed Innocent*, the *Largo* from the sixth Sonata, the 'Song of the Birds,' from *Timon of Athens*, and the *Vivace* from the first Sonata for strings. Also in the programme were 'On the Cliffs of Cornwall,' from Dame Ethel Smyth's opera *The Wreckers*, the *Andante* from Mozart's *Cassation*, the *Tambourin* from Rameau's *Fête d'Hébé*, and the *Dance Rhapsody* of Delius.—At the Nelson Hall concert, on January 19, chamber music by Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, and Mozart was played, and songs by Stanford, Parry, Dunhill,

and Vaughan Williams were sung. Mr. McEwen gave brief explanations of the items.—On January 20 Prof. Tovey gave a pianoforte recital to members of the Scottish Art Club, when, along with analytical information, he also drew parallels between the methods of certain composers and certain painters.—At the Patterson orchestral concert on January 22 the Scottish Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Julius Harrison, played the *Euryanthe* Overture, Debussy's *L'après-midi d'un faune*, Brahms's third Symphony, and four excerpts from Berlioz's *Faust*. With M. Sapellnikov as soloist, Tchaikovsky's first Pianoforte Concerto was performed.—On January 26, in the Freemasons' Hall, a recital was given of songs by Amy Hare (who was at the pianoforte), the singer being Miss Tilly Koenen.—M. Serge Koussevitzky was the conductor at the Patterson orchestral concert on January 29, when the central feature of the programme was Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony. Other music played included a Handel Suite in D major for strings, a Concerto for small orchestra by Philipp Emanuel Bach (arranged by Maximilian Steinberg), the Introduction to Moussorgsky's opera *Khovanshchina*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Dobninskha*, an orchestrated *Vocalise* by Rachmaninov, and the 'Vol du Bourdon' from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *The Legend of the Tsar Saltan*. The orchestra was, of course, the Scottish.—At the last concert for the season of the Patterson Orchestral series, Sir Landon Ronald relinquished the post of regular conductor, though he announced that he hoped to reappear next season as a guest-conductor. The programme was divided between Wagner and Tchaikovsky (fourth Symphony).—A Beethoven programme was given at the Reid Orchestral concert on February 10 in Usher Hall. In the Fantasia for pianoforte, chorus, and orchestra, and in the Choral Symphony, the Reid Orchestra had the co-operation of the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union. Mr. W. Greenhouse Allt conducted. Prof. Tovey was the pianist, and the solo parts were taken by the 'English Singers.' Between the two large works Prof. Tovey played the Fantasia, Op. 77, and the *Bagatelle* in B minor.

ETON.—On February 2, Miss Barbara Constable gave a vocal recital with a remarkably good choice of songs. They were all British, and fell into four groups—Tudor Ayres, Hebridean songs, and modern examples.

EXETER.—At the January meeting of the Chamber Music Club, of which Dr. Ernest Bullock is musical director, Holst's *Four Songs for voice and violin* and Stanford's *Three Intermezzi* for pianoforte and clarinet were performed. Pianoforte music, madrigals by Morley and Farmer, and a Mozart String Quartet completed the programme.—The Male Choir, conducted by Mr. W. J. Cotton, sang to members of the Literary Society on January 25, the programme including *Awake, sweet love* (Dowland), *Welcome, sweet pleasure* (Weelkes), Müller's *Spring's delights*, Fleming's *Integer Vite*, and Bayley's *When evening casts her shadows round*.—The Oratorio Society, which has been suspended for two seasons, has been reorganized, and has commenced rehearsals of the *Hiawatha* trilogy, under the direction of Mr. Allan Allen.

GRIMSBY.—The Modern Trio and Miss Elsie Suddaby (vocalist) were the artists in a concert given at the Town Hall on January 23. Frank Bridge's Phantasy in C minor and English songs, old and new, occurred in the programme.

HORFIELD (Somerset).—At the first concert of the recently-formed Choral Society, Mendelssohn's *Lauda-Sion* was performed, Mr. Geoffrey L. Mendham conducting.

HULL.—Except for the Bach-Elgar Fantasia and Fugue, the Hull Philharmonic programme on January 18 was 'all British.' Notable items were Elgar's Cello Concerto (played by Miss Beatrice Harrison), and Mr. J. W. Hudson's Suite, *Contrasts*, conducted by its composer.—Beethoven, Debussy, Chopin, Liszt, Scriabin, and William Baines, made up Frederick Dawson's pianoforte recital in Queen's Hall on January 18.—On January 20 the Carl Rosa

Opera Company concluded a month's season which has been attended by about sixty thousand people.—Hull Corporation is making the experiment of Sunday evening concerts. The first took place on January 21, organ pieces played by Mr. H. Malkin being interspersed with violin solos by Miss Olive Sheffield.—The Hull Military Band opened a season of concerts in the Alexandra Theatre on Sunday evening, January 21, when over two thousand people listened to selections from Wagner, Grieg, and Saint-Saëns.—Pablo Luna's Spanish opera, *The First Kiss*, was staged at the above-mentioned theatre on January 23, prior to its presentation in London.

KIDDERMINSTER.—Elgar's *The Music-Makers* was performed on January 26 by the Kidderminster Choral Society under the direction of Mr. J. Irving Glover.

LEEDS.—At a series of Wednesday afternoon chamber concerts, in Belgrave Lecture Hall, the Ghent Quartet has been heard extensively. With Mr. Lupton Whitelock these players gave Kuhlau's Flute Quintet in E, Op. 51, No. 2.—The Edward Elliott Quartet played César Cui (Op. 68) at Dr. William Bradley's organ recital at Christ Church, Upper Armley, on January 21.—Bach's Double Concerto in C major and Ravel's *Mother Goose* Suite were played on two pianofortes, in the Church Institute, on January 24, by Mr. H. Bardgett and Mr. G. C. Gray. An extensive programme of English, classical, and modern songs was sung by Mr. Alan Clark (baritone), formerly of York Cathedral Choir.—Elgar's *Lux Christi* and selections from *St. Paul* were sung by Leeds New Choral Society in the Town Hall on January 24.—The same evening Miss Lily Crawforth presented an ambitious range of songs, at Leeds University, and Mr. Frederick Mountney played the Elgar Violin Sonata.—Mr. Wilfred E. Child (lecturer on English at Leeds University) discoursed at the Theosophical Hall on 'Medieval Carols' on January 24.—The same evening E. Norman Hay's String Quartet in A major (published by the Carnegie Trust) was performed at the Bohemian Chamber Concert at the Metropole.—Glazounov's sixth Symphony received a powerful interpretation at the hands of Mr. Eugène Goossens and the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, at the Saturday orchestral concert on February 3. Mr. Anderson Tyrer was the pianist in the *Emperor* Concerto; and, on the same occasion, Mr. Goossens's *Tam o' Shanter* had its first performance at Leeds.—Messrs. Arthur Catterall and Herbert Heyner were the soloists at Leeds Choral Union concert on February 14, when Dr. Coward conducted the Bach *Sanctus* and part of Bantock's *Atlantis in Caledon*.

LIVERPOOL.—A recital of two-pianoforte works was given at Rushworth Hall on January 20, by Miss Lucy Pierce and Mr. Charles Kelly. The programme included Arnold Bax's *Mey Mel*.—At a song and pianoforte recital given at Rushworth Hall on January 22 by Mr. George Hill and Mr. John Tobin, the songs included Dunhill's *Fiddler of Dooney*, Lord Berners's *Three Irony Songs*, and Moussorgsky's *Musician's Peep-Show*, and among the pianoforte pieces was Ireland's *Chelsea Reach*.—Mr. Dolmetsch's chamber concert on January 23 contained much old viol music, some pieces by Bach for clavicord, a Violin Sonata by Corelli, and some songs with lute accompaniment.—M. Rosenthal gave a recital on January 27 in the Philharmonic Hall, playing Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Scriabin.—The recital list has included Miss Tilly Koenen, who sang songs by Amy Hare, with the composer at the pianoforte; Miss Vera Hall and Mr. Walter Hutton in a Beethoven Sonata for pianoforte and 'cello; Miss Edina Thraves (vocalist); Mr. Solomon (pianoforte); the Kennedy-Fraser's in Hebridean song; Mr. George Hill in a varied programme of songs; and Miss Ellen Watson, a local singer, who gave the Celtic Song Cycle of Arnold Bax.—Dr. A. W. Pollitt lectured in the Arts Theatre of the University on the emotional content of music, and drew a contrast between Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* and Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony.—The Bohemian String Quartet visited the Institute on February 9, and played a Pianoforte Quintet by Joseph

Suk, with Miss Fanny Davies at the pianoforte.—Liverpool Welsh Choral Society sang Vaughan Williams's *Toward the Unknown Region*, conducted by Mr. T. Hopkin Evans.

MANCHESTER.—At a Hallé Concert on February 1, a choir of eighty voices from the Hallé Choir took part in the first performance of the Brahms *Liebesslieder* as arranged for orchestra by Gerrard Williams.—The complete choir, conducted by Mr. Hamilton Harty, gave Bach's B minor Mass on February 8.—Recent orchestral novelties have included a *Processional Nocturne* by Rabaud and a Suite of *Danzas Fantásticas* by Turina.—In chamber music the most distinguished performances were given by the Bohemians and by the Harty-Isaacs combination in the Elgar Quintet.—Recitals of song-cycles or of groups of associated songs drawn from two or three composers are to be heard in increasing quantity during the lunch-hour; typical of these are programmes presented by Mr. Charles Neville, Miss Mary Ogden, Miss Lillie Wormald, and Miss Elizabeth Nicholl. Music for two pianofortes has long found exponents in Mr. Charles Kelly and Miss Lucy Pierce, who gave their most recent exhibition in this line at a C.W.S. concert. Two younger students from the Royal Manchester College, Messrs. Dennis Chapman and Alfred Hardie, bid fair to excel in the same branch. Bach's Double Concerto in C minor was presented by these two pairs of pianists twice within the first fortnight of February.

NEWCASTLE.—Felling Catholic Choral Society gave its first concert on January 14, conducted by Mr. R. Curry.—The Symphony String Orchestra was conducted by Sir Henry Wood on January 17 in a Bach Suite, Tchaikovsky's *Elegy*, Arensky's *Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky*, and Holst's *St. Paul's* Suite.—At the Chamber Music Society's meeting on January 18 the artists were Mr. Harold Samuel, Mr. John Dunn, and Miss Dorothy Silk. The programme included pianoforte music by Bach (Partita in C minor), Albeniz, Ravel, Rachmaninov (Prelude in B flat), and Dandrieu (*Tourbillons*); violin music by Spohr, Glinka, and Balakirev; and old and modern English songs.—At the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, on January 21, the chief items were Dvorak's *Carnaval Overture* and Butterworth's *A Shropshire Lad*. With Miss Annie M. Eckford in the solo part, a Pianoforte Concerto of Mozart was played. Grainger's *Mock Morris* and the *Tannhäuser* Overture were also included. Mr. Edgar L. Bainton conducted.—Four of Bach's Church Cantatas were sung in the Cathedral Church on February 3, by the Bach Choir, supported by a small orchestra, with the Cathedral organist, Mr. William Ellis, at the organ. Dr. W. G. Whittaker conducted.—The Oppenheim Society gave its fifty-eighth concert on February 8. A manuscript String Quartet by Percy Turnbull was the chief interest, this having been awarded first prize in its class at the last Newcastle Musical Tournament. It was played by Mrs. Hetherington, Mr. R. Penman, Mr. F. W. Panton, and Mr. F. Smith.

NEWCASTLE (Staffs).—The annual concert of the Male-Voice Glee Union, now in its twenty-second season, took place on February 1. Mr. S. E. Lovatt conducted the choir in Hegar's *Walpurga* and a selection of part-songs.

OXFORD.—Under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Society a lecture was given on January 26 by Mr. B. C. Allchin on 'Musical Appreciation.'—On the same date M. Pouishnov (pianoforte), M. Bratza (violin), and Mr. Eric Marshall (vocalist) gave a 'celebrity' concert.—The Elizabethan Singers gave a programme on January 29 arranged on chronological lines, and including *All creatures now* (Benet), *In the merry spring* (Ravenscroft), *With sighs, sweet rose*, for male voices (Calcott), *Since thou, O fondest and true* (Parry), *The Blue Bird* (Stanford), and some carols by Holst.—Miss Irene Scharrer gave a pianoforte recital on January 31 in the Assembly Room.

PETERBOROUGH.—A very successful concert was given at the Assembly Rooms on February 8 by pupils of Miss Emily Trigger. The works chosen were chiefly modern, including

Albeniz, Debussy, Arnold Bax, &c., and the performers generally bore themselves with credit. Madame Adelaide Lambe sang some groups of modern songs.

PORTSMOUTH.—On January 18 the Philharmonic Choral Society, with orchestra, performed Vaughan Williams's *The Wassail Song* and Holst's arrangement of *A Festival Chime*. With Mr. Arnold Trowell as solo 'cellist, Saint-Saëns's Concerto in A minor was played. Mr. Hugh Burry conducted. —At the Town Hall concert on February 3 the *Emperor* Concerto was played by Mr. Reginald Renison and the Royal Marine Artillery Orchestra, under Lieut. R. P. O'Donnell. Mr. Renison is a youthful pianist from Southampton. The orchestra also played Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic Symphony*. —A new choral organization has been formed under the name of Pembroke County Male Choir, with a membership of forty Welshmen. Mr. W. J. Thomas is the conductor, and on February 9 they gave a first concert. —On February 10 the Choral Society, conducted by Mr. W. T. Sayer, a comparatively new combination, sang choruses and part-songs at a Municipal Concert.

RICHMOND (Yorks).—On February 12, Richmondshire Choral Society performed Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, Stanford's *Phaëdrig Crohoore*, and Parry's *Jerusalem*. Mr. Arthur Fountain conducted.

ROCHESTER.—The Choral Society sang Brahms's *Songs of Love* on January 24, with Mr. William Higley as soloist. The other pieces were Francis Pilkington's *Rest, sweet nymphs*, Gibbons's *The Silver Swan*, and Stanford's *The Blue Bird*. The English Trio played string music by Brahms and Schubert.

SCARBOROUGH.—The second concert of the season given by the Musical Society took place at the Arcadia on February 12. The choir sang *Sir Patrick Spens* (R. L. de Pearsall), Ireland's *Cradle Song*, 'Death, I do not fear thee' (from Bach's *Jesu, Priceless Treasure*), and Parry's *My delight and thy delight*. The ladies sang Brahms's *The death of Tennyson*, and the men the 'Choral Hymn' from Holst's *Rig Veda*. Mr. A. C. Keeton conducted.

SHIREHAMPTON.—The Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Napier Miles, sang the choral song from Parry's *The Lotus-Eaters* on January 24 (with Madame le Mar as principal), and parts of Bach's *Sing ye to the Lord*. Miss Marie Hall played violin music, and Mr. Gilbert J. Bailey sang some new songs by Napier Miles.

SIDMOUTH.—The annual series of chamber concerts arranged by an enterprising committee closed on February 8, when the Eyre Trio (Miss Ruth Eyre, Miss Phyllis Eyre, and Miss Margery Eyre) gave a programme of vocal and pianoforte trio music. The vocal pieces included *O sweet pleasure* (Jean de la Boche), *I've been roaming* (Horn), three pieces by Weekes, two Swedish songs (*Cradle Song* and *How splendid is crystal*), *A measure to pleasure your leisure* (Battista Martini), and three pieces composed by Dr. Ernest Walker and dedicated to the Eyre Trio—*Hark, hark the lark*, *Song of Proserpine*, and *Say, dainty dames*. The instrumental items included Eugène Goossens's *Five Impressions of a Holiday*, and a Sonata in G minor for pianoforte and 'cello, by Henry Eccles. Former concerts in the series have comprised a recital by Miss Jelly d'Aranyi (violin) and a recital by Mr. Ivor James ('cello) and Mrs. F. Newton Trier (singer). Unfortunately the season has closed with a serious deficit.

WOLVERTON.—On February 7 the Wolverton and District Choral Society sang *The Creation* at the Picture Palace, Wolverton, to a large and appreciative audience. The soloists were Miss Dorothy Greene, Mr. Frank Webster, and Mr. Howard Fry. Mr. C. Kenneth Garratt conducted.

Melbourne Philharmonic Society gave *King Olaf* at its autumn concert, Mr. W. F. G. Steele conducting, and the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra assisting. Miss Ella Nicol, Mr. Gregor Wood, and Mr. Henry Thomas were the soloists.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

The Catterall String Quartet gave a delightful recital under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on January 15. Although a varied programme was given, Beethoven's Quartet No. 1 seemed to please best. Special praise must be given to the player of the viola—a thankless instrument. A repeat visit was made by the same combination on February 5.

The Pianoforte and Wind Quintet, with Mr. Hamilton Harty as conductor, charmed a large audience at the Royal Dublin Society recital on January 22, the chief items being Beethoven's Quintet and Brahms's Sonata in F.

Dr. Esposito and Mr. Clyde Twelvetees gave an enjoyable sonata recital at the Royal Dublin Society on January 29, the best items being the Mendelssohn and Rachmaninov Sonatas.

The Belfast Philharmonic Society's concert at Ulster Hall, on February 9, was a great success, the chief items being Bach's *God's time is the best* and Charles Wood's *A Dirge for Two Veterans*, under the baton of Mr. Godfrey Brown, with Mr. J. H. MacBratney as accompanist. Mr. Alfred Trowell was the 'cellist.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

Dr. Muck, who again fills the place of Mengelberg, has so far abstained from introducing novelties, his first concert consisting exclusively of works by Beethoven, who in the first half of the season had been singularly neglected in the orchestral concerts. The scheme of his second concert brought works by Mozart, and Strauss's *Symphonia Domestica*, for which I am conscious of a growing indifference. At the subsequent concert Dr. Muck gave a splendid reading of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, which, owing to its magnificent orchestral colouring, achieved by comparatively simple means, quite captured the audience. The enthusiasm of the public had immediately before been roused by Josef Pembaur's splendid performance in Liszt's second Pianoforte Concerto. The concert on this occasion was opened with Dr. Muck's fine reading of Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture. Bruckner's unfinished ninth Symphony, on the other hand, met with an extremely cool reception on February 8, when the occasion was saved by three works of Wagner.

One of the most prominent events was a performance on January 25 of *Tristan and Isolde*, also conducted by Dr. Muck. This was the first activity after many years of rest by the Wagner Society, which is now connected with the Concertgebouw. Although the performers of the leading parts were singers of high repute (mostly Germans), the orchestra, under the conductor's spirited leadership, carried off the palm of the evening.

In the way of oratorio—unfortunately the most neglected branch of music with us—we have had an excellent performance of *Saul*, which was presented by the Royal Oratorio Society under the able direction of M. Anton Tirie. The performance was in all respects conspicuous for true Handelian style, and fine work was done by the soloists (Mesdames Leonard and Luger, and Messrs. van Tulder and Erhard), as well as by the orchestra and the admirably-trained chorus. We are looking forward to M. Tirie's cultivating the life-work of Handel on a larger scale than has been the case hitherto.

A series of concerts given by the National Ukrainian Chorus—a body comprising some twenty-four singers, of whom a number are endowed with truly magnificent voices—met with universal interest, which was indeed fully deserved.

Some of the most refined treats during the last few weeks were derived from chamber music concerts. The highest distinction attaches to the performance of the Rosé Quartet, of Vienna, which on January 20 played works by Haydn, Borodin, and Schubert. The Meredyll Pianoforte Quartet, of London, was engaged by the 'Kunstring.' This combination appeared on three successive evenings

(February 6, 7, and 8), when the players strengthened the favourable impression which they succeeded in creating last year. Our own Amsterdam String Quartet proved to be in fine form on its first evening, January 17, when the scheme comprised works by Chausson, César Franck, and Gabriel Dupont. The Hague String Quartet is making big strides to becoming a very fine body of players. This was evident when, on January 26, they presented no less than four absolutely new works, viz., a String Quartet by Jan Ingenhoven; *Petite Suite Arménienne*, by Diran Alexanian, a quaint but not unattractive composition; *Sérénade tendre* (a very characteristic work), by Joseph Jongen; and a String Quartet by Gabriel Chaumette, a pupil of Debussy's, which pupilage, however, did not prevent the work from being a failure. The climax was the appearance of the famous Capet Quartet, of Paris, which gave a Beethoven evening on February 10.

Our National Opera Company may indeed be compared with the fabled Phoenix. When, in November last, the concern collapsed in such a way that not even the greatest optimist dared to forecast anything like its resurrection, an appeal was made to M. Koopman, the former director, who in 1916 had laid the foundations of the Company and successfully steered the ship through the difficulties of the succeeding three years. When he resigned in 1919 a resolution was arrived at in an unpropitious hour to transplant the Company to The Hague. Since that date nothing but misadventure had befallen the undertaking. M. Koopman devoted a few weeks to reorganizing the scheme thoroughly. He came to the conclusion that nothing would save the wreck but the engagement of foreign artists on a large scale, seeing that the Dutch public places no confidence in its fellow-countrymen as opera singers. Artists of almost all nationalities have appeared since then, and the bills continually announce new names. It makes no difference whether these are French, Belgian, German, Russian, or Italian so long as they succeed in entralling the audience. Prices of admission, too, have been considerably modified. The main thing striven for is to bring opera within reach of all social classes. The enterprise is now remunerative, and the performances wheresoever given are crammed night after night. To persist in calling the Company the National Opera under the prevalent circumstances is, of course, preposterous. But, after all, 'what's in a name?'

W. HARMANS.

NEW YORK

As our own orchestras, with the regular visits of the Bostonians and the Philadelphians, provide an average of about ten orchestral concerts a week, it might be thought that that would be as much as New York would be able to digest. On the contrary, however, for the Cleveland Orchestra has just given us one of the most interesting concerts of the season both as regards programme matter and its execution. Nikolai Sokoloff made his début in America as a violinist in the fall of 1914, but not much was heard of him until he founded the Cleveland Orchestra and became its conductor. Proof of his ability is afforded in the marked improvement in ensemble shown by his players from year to year. Such beauty of tone, such vitalising energy, to say nothing of the perfection of mere technique, as these Cleveland men displayed, should make some of our older organizations sit up and take notice. The Cleveland Orchestra played Loeffler's dramatic poem *La Mort de Tintagiles*, which introduces solos on that obsolete instrument the *viola d'amour*. This poem was first performed by the Boston Symphony Society twenty-five years ago, when Loeffler was himself a member of the Orchestra, sitting at the first desk of the first violins with Franz Kneisel. The Symphony was Rachmaninov's second.

The American composer cannot complain of neglect this season. A Symphony by Daniel Gregory Mason and another by Frederick H. Converse, have both been played lately by the Philharmonic Society. Sound, healthy, and conservative, these compositions, though not really borsome, yet revealed no marked inspiration. From the intellectual standpoint one found in them good ideas well developed, but there was nothing in either work to arouse emotion or

to incite vigorous applause. At a more recent concert a *Negro Rhapsody*, by Rubin Goldmark, was played. Goldmark has long been recognised as one of the best of American composers, and it is a pleasure to record that each work that comes from his pen seems to be more interesting, better done, and to win more approbation than its predecessor. The Rhapsody is written on seven themes either of negro origin or negro character, one of which was found years ago by Goldmark in a magazine, quoted there as a melody sung by Tennessee negroes while working on the river. All the themes are clearly presented, and are richly developed in the manner of a master musician.

During the interim between Stransky's mid-winter departure as conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra and Mengelberg's arrival, Henry Hadley conducted a few Philharmonic concerts, and he also remembered the American composer, presenting among other examples some short numbers by Henry Gilbert, written for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Pageant at Plymouth, Mass., in 1921. The *French and Indian Pantomime* and the *Indian Dance* are good concert pieces without the adjunct of the pageant, though doubtless that increased their interest. Gilbert always has something to say, and says it in a clear and straightforward manner that delights the listener whose ear in these days is wearied with so much that is superfluous and intangible.

The delightful concerts of the 'Friends of Music' call for notice before their season is finished. Bodanzky has already given us afternoons devoted respectively to Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven, and the latest concert was of a more cosmopolitan character, the familiar composers represented being Verdi, Berlioz, Beethoven, and Mahler, with Sigrid Olegin and Bronislaw Huberman as soloists. The novelty was a *Suite de Concert* for violin and orchestra by Sergius Tanéïev, whose works are little known and seldom heard in America. It proved to be a good, sound, and interesting composition, well worth a second hearing, and was admirably played by soloists and orchestra.

Amid the commonplace repetitions that go on at the Metropolitan Opera House the reappearance of *Così fan Tutte* (so exquisitely produced last season) is an item of importance. *Tannhäuser* was the fifth Wagner opera to be revived since the War. *Parsifal*, *Tristan*, *Lohengrin*, and *Die Walküre* preceded it.

M. H. FLINT.

ROME

A new gramophone invention, the work of a humble State-employee, Signor Magnifico, was recently exhibited to the members of the Italian Press Association by its inventor. The fact of its being endorsed by this body is a guarantee of its value, for only rarely does the Association lend its name to new inventions. The Magnifico instrument claims to have solved the difficulties of length of performance and maintenance of pitch. As all gramophone users know, the ordinary record, of about thirty centimetres diameter, lasts between three-and-a-half and four-and-a-half minutes, and does not sustain a constant tone, which varies with the speed of the machine. The new machine, it is said, produces the true pitch at whatever speed it is run, which permits the observance of important time modifications. The ordinary thirty centimetre record, incised on the Magnifico plan, lasts about nine minutes, whilst the normal Magnifico record, sixty centimetres diameter, will absorb nearly thirty minutes. The teaching value of the invention is evident. The performance before the members of the Press Association proved that the claims of Signor Magnifico for his invention are fully justified by the results.

The Amici della Musica has given three very important concerts this month. The first, devoted to ancient and modern Italian music, contained in its programme a *Sonata senza tempi* for violoncello and pianoforte and three descriptive pieces, *Musiche per pianoforte*, of Aldo Cantarini, a new song, *L'Offerta*, with accompaniment for pianoforte and violoncello by Domenico Alaleona, and five exceptionally delicate *Japanese Songs* by Setaccioli. The works of Alaleona and of Setaccioli gained a well-merited success. The other two programmes of the Amici comprised Beethoven's five Sonatas for violoncello and pianoforte.

The president of the Society, Eugene Albini, was the interpreter. He is also the author of an excellent brochure, *Beethoven and his five Violoncello Sonatas*, which has just been published by Bocca.

The Philharmonic Academy has had a distinguished visitor in the person of the pianist, Jan Smetterling, who gave two concerts, with conventional programmes. The well-known Rosé Quartet was also to have been heard at the Philharmonic this month, but having been held up at the frontier the players were unable to fulfil their engagement, and their place was taken by two Italo-American artists, Bernice de Pasquali, a soprano who studied at New York with Dvorák, and Remo Bolognini, a violinist who studied at Buenos Ayres with the Bolognese Ercole Galvani. Each revealed attainments of an exceptionally high order.

An American lady violinist, Amy Neill, has also given a concert at the Philharmonic, in which, besides compositions of Lalo, Tartini, Mozart, and Sinigaglia, she played the new Sonata in three movements of Leo Sowerby and the *Sospiri* of Howard Hanson, both of whom are at present living at Rome and are well known and appreciated by the Italian musical world.

At the Sala Bach we have had several important and interesting concerts, amongst them being a performance of Mozart's Quartet No. 1, Schumann's Trio, Op. 80, and Brahms's Quintet, Op. 34, by the Roman Quartet, a combination associated with the Sala Bach. During an organ recital by M. E. Bossi, in the same hall, a plastic representation of Schubert's *Ave Maria* was announced, and interpreted in rhythmic movement by the Signorine Castellucci. A blind pianist, Gigi Tedesco, gave a concert with Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, the *Prelude, Choral*, and *Fugue* of Franck, and Liszt's sixth *Hungarian Rhapsody*; and to close the list, the Sala Bach announces a celebrity in the person of the pianist Edwin Fischer.

Two German masters, Oskar Fried and Hermann Scherchen, have been visitors at the Augusteum this month. Fried directed Beethoven's Fifth, the *Fantastique* of Berlioz, Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, and the *Spanish Rhapsody* of Ravel. Scherchen directed the *Pastoral*, and a new suite, *In the Kingdom of Pan*, by Gräner. At the moment of writing the Moravian Masters are visiting Rome, and have gained good success with their choral singing.

LEONARD PEYTON.

TORONTO

In the playing of the New York Symphony Orchestra a change was noticeable from last year. There is a deeper note of sincerity, with correspondingly less of the grandiose, in the results now obtained by Walter Damrosch. Glazounov's beautiful fifth Symphony in B flat, Respighi's symphonic poem, *Fontane di Roma*, and the Liszt first Hungarian Rhapsody, were given with quite unusual grip of detail.

The New Year week was one of opera. *Butterfly*, *Carmen*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *La Bohème*, and *Il Trovatore*, as presented by the San Carlo Company, were of undoubted interest, except in regard to the chorus work, which has always been a weak point with this organization. But it is a great pity an opportunity was not given for hearing at least one new opera, which could easily have been presented with a cast including the Japanese soprano, Tamaki Miura, Anna Fiziou, Marie Rappold, Anita Klinovi, Boscacci, Mario Valle, Stella de Mette, William Green, Sofia Charlebois, Manuel Salazar, Richard Bonelli, and Amador Famadas.

Two of the Toronto Chamber Music Society concerts were held in Hart House Theatre with a very marked increase of interest. The Toronto Academy String Quartet played the Grieg Quartet in G minor, Op. 27, Glazounov's *Interludium*, d'Osten-Sacken's *Berceuse russe*, Sokolov's *Scherzo*, and the Mozart Quintet in A major for clarinet and strings. The Hambourg Concert Society's programme was distinctly attractive, containing Beethoven's Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, Vivaldi's Violoncello Sonata in F major, and the Brahms Trio in C minor, Op. 101.

The following artists have been heard in recital: Isa Kremer in Russian, French, and Jewish ballads, Ernest Hutcheson in a Schumann programme, Dmitry

Dobkin (Russian tenor), Madame Grace-Smith in a costume-study of Chopin, Colin McPhee in works by Scriabin, and Mrs. Harry Hodgetts (soprano).

Chamber music is gaining a distinct hold upon the general public here this season, Massey Hall drawing over three thousand people in one week to hear the London String Quartet and the Hambourg Concert Society. The English body came for the first time under the auspices of the Toronto Chamber Music Society. Although the absence of Mr. James Levey, who has unhappily contracted typhoid fever, disturbed the remarkable ensemble for which this Quartet is so justly renowned, yet Mr. Arthur Beckwith managed in a few days to absorb a great deal of the Quartet's power of conception, and at the same time imparted an individualism which on the whole is distinctly worthy of the unique reputation these players hold. The programme, perhaps the most intellectual ever presented to a large audience at Toronto, included the Mozart B flat Quartet, No. 15 (Peters); a very beautiful, distinctive, and thoroughly interesting work by J. B. McEwen, the *Biscay* Quartet in A; and the Beethoven C major, Op. 59, No. 3. Never—with, perhaps, the one exception of Mr. H. Waldo Warner's *Pixie Ring*, played last year—has a new work produced a more profound impression upon one of our keenest musical audiences than did the *Biscay* Quartet.

The Hambourg Concert Society opened its twelfth season with the colourful Glazounov *Novellen*, Op. 15, and Rachmaninov's *Trio Elegique*, Op. 9, an inspired composition marked, however, with the Russian's rather indefinite method of development. Eustache Horodyski, the new Hambourg Conservatory pianist, gave a masterly reading of the Chopin B minor Sonata, Op. 58. A pupil of Petri, Busoni's successor at Berlin, Horodyski is one of the finest of the younger school to be heard in this city.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, of the Metropolitan Opera, was heard and seen last week in Massey Hall. This artist created a welcome diversity of opinion (for the box-office) both before and after her recital. Her pro-German tendencies during the War produced an outcry, which most of the critics used as a weapon to condemn her vocalism. Her programme was good, her voice of beautiful quality, and her interpretation splendid.

The series of choral concerts began on January 25 with the National Chorus under Dr. Albert Ham. A number of light but pleasing works, with Pablo Casals as assisting artist, attracted a large audience. We were grateful for the opportunity for hearing such a finished musician as Casals. The chorus sang extremely well, tone, intonation, and balance being alike praiseworthy.

H. C. F.

VIENNA

Of all European musical centres, ours is probably most urgently in need of the moral support offered by the International Society for New Music, the representatives of which have recently held their first annual meeting in London. This important organization is virtually the outcome of the Salzburg Festival of International Chamber Music inaugurated last summer by a handful of Viennese modernists, and it is therefore all the more deplorable that the Vienna group of the Society alone has so far remained inactive this season. More than ever our young composers are addicted to the proverbially Austrian habit of particularism, to cliques and petty jealousies, and to an egotism which in this case almost jeopardises the very existence of the Society's Vienna centre. Yet assuredly this must be actively maintained at any cost, even as an antidote to local reactionaries who are working more energetically than ever in their opposition to modernism. After a short period of progress last season, conservatism is once more triumphant in Austrian musical life. A lowering of the general musical taste is clearly prevalent, and it is being sponsored, rather than resisted, by our leading conductors. Aside from a limited number of musical connoisseurs, the public appreciation of modern music has hardly penetrated beyond the works of Strauss, Korngold, or Puccini, whose supremacy in our concert-halls and opera houses is unchallenged. The indifferent attitude exhibited by our

leading musical organizations towards really modern and novel composers may heretofore have seemed more sluggishness; in the light of recent events it points to an organized opposition. The Philharmonic Orchestra, our foremost orchestral body, has actually attempted to announce Korngold's well-worn suite *Much Ado about Nothing* as a novelty, and, apart from Frederick Delius's fine *Dance Rhapsody* and Stravinsky's *Fireworks*, has so far offered, as the only real novelty of its series, the old *Variations on a Theme of Reissner*, for which the Philharmonic conductor, Felix Weingartner, had provided a new and tasteful orchestral setting. The record of the Tonkünstler Orchestra and the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde Choir, both directed by Wilhelm Furtwängler, is still more meagre, their programmes consisting solely of classic symphonies and Handel oratorios, but offering, as an 'innovation,' the rarely-heard *History of the Life and Death of our Saviour*, by Heinrich Schütz, the interest of which is of a purely historical order. The important musical societies of Vienna completely ignore such men as Berg, Webern, Wellesz, Pisk, Horwitz, or even Schönberg, and others of our modernists, who feel justly incensed at such overt reverence for the great classics, practised, however, to the complete exclusion of contemporary composers.

NEW WORKS

A few concerts constituted a pleasant exception from the rule. Bruno Walter, the Munich conductor—formerly of Vienna, where he is greatly revered—introduced, on the eve of his departure for the United States, one of the most important novelties in the eagerly anticipated *Requiem* by Walter Braunfels. In its severe simplicity this work marks an interesting effort at carrying new and modern tendencies into ecclesiastical music, and its earnestness and loftiness of purpose command respect. Conductor Leopold Reinwein (very unjustly removed from the Staatsoper some time ago) achieved a remarkable feat by conducting from memory, among other difficult works, the ravishingly rich *Poème de l'Extase* of Scriabin, and Bernhard Tittel, who is giving a widely attended series of orchestral concerts at popular prices, added to his credit a good performance of Ottorino Respighi's *Fontane di Roma*, with its dazzling wealth of orchestral colour. Another new work by Respighi, the *Concerto Gregoriano*, gave special interest to the programme of Rudolph Polk, a fine American violinist. This Concerto, constituting a unique and happy mixture of hymn elements and strikingly modern dance rhythms, is excellently scored and, above all, is an extremely grateful vehicle for the art of the soloist. A new Violin Sonata by Dirk Schäfer, the Dutch pianist, rather unevenly played by Henriette Dubois-Ruinen, from Amsterdam, with the support of Paul Weingarten, at the pianoforte, was in fact 'new' rather than 'novel.' It is couched in a musical idiom strangely reminiscent of Schäfer's pianoforte playing, and is always artistic without ever displaying a forcible personality. We have heard a new *Phantastischer Reigen*, by Julius Weismann, which the Rosé Quartet included in its programme, and a Pianoforte Concerto by the same composer, who himself played the solo part. Little may be said in favour of a Violin Sonata (MS.) by Serge Bortkiewicz, which the Russian composer presented, for the first time anywhere, in conjunction with Frank Smit, a Czech violinist. The Sonata, and even more so the pianoforte compositions by Bortkiewicz, excellently played by himself, were little more than agreeable drawing-room music. A new String Quartet by Ernst Toch, a Frankfurt composer, gave occasion for a veritable riot on the part of some Pan-German youths, who objected to the work not on artistic but on purely racial grounds, thus depriving the audience from hearing music which, though somewhat eclectic in style, still gave evidence of undoubted talent. The hearts of the Pan-Germans were cheered, however, by a choral concert of the Schubertbund which afforded Vienna the first opportunity for hearing two romantic *Deutsche Gesänge* by Hans Pfitzner, and a *Bardengesang* by Richard Strauss. The last-named piece, written for a national occasion in 1917, and based on somewhat barbaric words by Klopstock, is of questionable value, its effectiveness being due chiefly to the

huge choral apparatus. The same is true of Wagner's seldom-played *Festival March*, which is replete with self-plagiarisms, and Beethoven's symphonic tone-painting, *Wellington's Victory*, or *The Battle of Vittoria*, which must be counted among the master's weakest and justly-neglected inspirations. These pieces were heard at a big festival concert conducted, most awkwardly, by Wilhelm Kienzl, and the programme opened with what was virtually the *première* of a beautiful Concerto for four pianofortes and stringed orchestra, by Bach.

CONDUCTORS AND SOLOISTS

Paul von Klenau, the Danish composer-conductor, was responsible for a beautiful performance of Gluck's *Orphée*. It was a supreme artistic achievement, and far superior to many performances at our luxurious Staatsoper, where Gluck's work has been absent from the repertoire for decades.

Our visiting artists have included d'Albert; the American, Rudolph Reuter; Brailovsky; Jeffrey Reynolds, an Anglo-American; Kathleen McQuitty, from London, in a somewhat innocent Pianoforte Suite entitled *The Rising Moon*, by Colin Taylor, and a *Scherzo and Intermezzo* by Marmaduke Barton; two English violinists—Miss Editha Braham and Victor Olof, a pupil of Prof. Ronay, the last named being favourably heard in Elgar's Concerto; Henri Marteau, whose recent Munich recital was frustrated by heated chauvinists; Arnold Rosé, with a sonata evening, Bruno Walter being at the pianoforte; Meta Reidel, from Amsterdam, in an evening of Mahler songs; Richard Mayr and Richard Tauber, from the Staatsoper, in song recitals.

THE VOLKSOPER

The crisis at the Volksoper has been definitely settled, and Weingartner remains the victor over his former co-director, Gruder Guntram, who has severed his connection with the house. Guntram's departure means the definite abandonment of the Volksoper's English tour. Weingartner has not changed his intention, however, of producing Josef Holbrooke's opera *The Children of Don*, which will shortly take place. For the moment the financial situation of the theatre is such as to point to a complete breakdown in the near future.

THE STAATSOOPER

At the Staatsoper an even more critical situation has arisen, due to the announced intention of the Philharmonic Orchestra again to tour South America this spring. The authorities have so far withheld their approval, but the Orchestra refuses to relinquish its intention, in spite of all objections of the Government or the public. For diplomatic reasons the organizers have extended an invitation to the directors of the Staatsoper, Messrs. Strauss and Schalk, to accompany the Orchestra to South America, an offer which Schalk declined as incompatible with his directoral duties. Strauss, on the other hand, readily accepted the offer, which implies his tacit consent to an undertaking which is a flagrant offence against the discipline of the Staatsoper. Weingartner, the regular conductor of the Philharmonic symphony series, has protested against the participation in the tour of a 'guest' conductor, and has announced his retirement from the conductor's post. It is rumoured that Strauss will next season fill the place thus left vacant, in addition to taking charge of a Master class at the State Conservatory of Music. Thus will he combine in his hands practically all the important musical functions in the musical world of Vienna. The South American tour of Strauss and the Philharmonic Orchestra, besides leaving the Staatsoper without its director and orchestra for a goodly portion of the season, also upsets all plans of the Salzburg Festival Association (of which Strauss is the president), since the Philharmonic Orchestra had been announced as one of the chief attractions for this summer's Festival.

The far-reaching difficulties arising from the proposed tour of the Philharmonic Orchestra will, in all probability, precipitate the crisis of the Staatsoper. The deficit—it has now reached the sum of £80,000 annually—is almost

double as high as in pre-war times, owing to the small receipts and the reckless management. The Government is now inquiring into the affairs of the institution, and, according to some reports, is considering the complete abandonment of a theatre whose record is little more than one of financial loss, and the acceptance of the offer of a syndicate to make the institution a private theatre. Another plan mooted is to close the house temporarily, and to send the company on tour to foreign countries, the deficit of the Vienna season to be defrayed by the anticipated profits. Already the management has received invitations from the Scandinavian countries, and a movement is on foot, sponsored by Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Ambassador to the British Court, to inaugurate a London season of the Staatsoper in the near future. PAUL BECHERT.

GERMANY

THE LONDON SYMPHONY

Ralph Vaughan Williams's *London Symphony*, already favourably known in America as well as in England, has recently had its first German performance by the Berlin Philharmonic under the baton of Ignatz Waghalter. This is the second time since the war that an important English composition has made an appearance in Germany. The impression produced by it was favourable, and should encourage other British composers to present themselves before a German public. It was not easy for the majority of the audience to appreciate the masterly style of combining impressionistic with vocal elements, and to understand the true London character of this Symphony, especially so since one of the popular tunes employed in it seemed to be identically the same as a German melody of acknowledged vulgarity.

BÉLA BARTÓK AT BERLIN

The Melos Society (founded by Hermann Scherchen, recently elected in London as a member of the jury of the International Society), one of the great promoters of modern music at Berlin, invited Béla Bartók, the Hungarian composer, and the Waldbaur Quartet to come to this city for a series of concerts comprising Bartók's complete chamber music works, which are undoubtedly the most important branch of his creative work.

Bartók himself is already too well-known in England to need any further introduction. That he is only one-sided in his art; that he lacks all sweetness of sound; in short, that he is all but a meridional musician, is evident. But none can deny the convincing austerity and ever new solidity of his work, always bearing a stamp of its own. The limits of his musical capacity are the very limits of his human nature. The absence of sunshine in his art may lead his imagination to regions where no mortal will be able to follow him. This is shown by his second Sonata for violin and pianoforte, which, even though accompanied by the pianist-composer himself, could not impress all hearers with its value. More telling is the effect produced by the popular songs and dances, which receive a strange light by reason of a tendency to atonality peculiar in his music.

ADOLF WEISSMANN.

[We regret that our Berlin correspondent's matter arrived too late for insertion in full, and in its proper place.—EDITOR.]

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

GIACOMO OREFICE, at Milan, on December 22, in whom Italy has lost one of her foremost musicians. Born at Vicenza, in 1865, Orefice studied at Bologna under Mancinelli, and at twenty published his first work, *L'Oasi*. Ten years later he won the Baruzzi prize at Bologna with *Il Gladiatore*, and in 1901 wrote an opera, *Chopin*, on themes of the Polish author. His chief work, *Mosé*, was written twenty years ago. Besides his works for the theatre, Orefice composed numerous symphonic and chamber compositions.

As a teacher he created a 'school' in the Verdi Conservatory at Milan, and was also well-known as the musical critic of the *Secolo*. Orefice was an artist with whom many had to differ as regards technique, expression, and even intrinsic values, but who none the less was a scholar, and a fearless apostle of what he believed to be good and true in music.

(It may not inappropriately be pointed out that Orefice is not to be confounded with Signor Refice, a living and foremost Italian musician, who is maestro of the Liberian basilica at Rome, and to whom rumour points as the successor of Dom. Perosi at the Sixtine.)

PATRICK JOSEPH GRIFFITH, at Cahra Road, Dublin, in his sixty-third year, on January 27. Born at Kilsheelan, Co. Waterford, in 1860, he was a resident of Dublin since 1874. During forty years he was a noted violinist, excelling in chamber music, and as a professor he was in great request. During a quarter of a century he was the reliable leader of the orchestra of the old Dublin Musical Society. He was also the secretary of the Charitable Musical Society, or the Irish Musical Fund, founded in 1787, and incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1794, and which is still flourishing—after a hundred and thirty-six years.

ARTHUR HUGH MELVIN PEAT, priest-organist and choir-master of St. Peter's, Clapham, from October, 1913, till January last. He was born on November 9, 1887, and very early took up the study of the organ. In addition to being a skilful soloist, he was one of the very best of plainsong accompanists, and a successful choir trainer.

In our obituary for February we stated that the late OSCAR STREET played the oboe. This was a slip; he was a clarinetist.

Miscellaneous

THE GRESHAM LECTURES

The lectures for this term were given by Prof. Sir Frederick Bridge on February 13-16. The Byrd Tercentenary was the subject of the first, the illustrations comprising four of the Motets recently edited by the lecturer, some Madrigals, and the beautiful Variations for clavier on *O mistress mine*, from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. The Tercentenary of Weelkes was the subject of the second lecture. The most popular of the illustrations was the delightful 'Humorous Fancy of the Cries of London.' The third lecture was on Locke's opera *Psyche*, a work of great dramatic interest. For the fourth lecture the subject was 'The Development of the Violin Solo,' with illustrations played by Mr. Jeffrey Pulver.

The Oxford Bach Choir and the Cambridge University Musical Society, with their orchestras, join forces at the Royal Albert Hall on March 14, at 3.0, in a programme consisting of Beethoven's Mass in D, Vaughan Williams's *Towards the Unknown Region*, Parry's *English Suite*, and Cyril Rootham's *Brown Earth*. The conductors are Sir Hugh Allen, Dr. Cyril Rootham, and Mr. Maurice Besly.

A concert performance of *Parsifal* will be given at Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, on March 24, at 7.30, by the South London Philharmonic Society. By way of preparation of the listeners, Mr. William Kerridge, the conductor, is lecturing on the opera at Deptford Town Hall on March 15, and at Greenwich Central Library on March 21.

Elgar's *King Olaf* and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* will be performed at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, on March 3, at 7.30, by the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies, three hundred strong. The soloists are Miss Dorothy Robson, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Howard Fry, and the conductor Mr. Frank Idle.

Dulwich Music Club, an organization under the new Federation of Music Clubs, gave its first concert on February 5, with Miss Jelly d'Aranyi and Mrs. Ethel Hobday as artists. A season of four concerts has been arranged.

The Golden Legend was performed at the Wesleyan Central Hall, Plumstead, on February 3, by a chorus and orchestra under the direction of Mr. W. Wilson.

Music at Kingston-on-Thames has recently included a three-day Beethoven Festival by the Kingston String Quartet; *St. Paul*, by St. Luke's Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Alexander Griffin; and *Hiawatha*, by the Kingston, Surbiton, and District Musical Society, which Mr. Ronald Dussek conducts.

Bromley Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Frederic Fertel, gave unaccompanied music on January 30. This included Elgar's *Go, song of mine* and *Weary wind of the West*, and examples of Ford, Morley, and Byrd.

DURING THE LAST MONTH.

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NOVELLO'S PARISH CHOIR BOOK

Te Deum Laudamus.

(For Chant, Unison, and Gregorian Settings, see separate sections.)

1054. ADLAM, FRANK, in D 3d.	248. *GOSS, JOHN, in F 3d.	728. POINTER, JOHN, in B flat 3d.
286. ADLAM, FRANK, in E flat 3d.	274. *GOSS, JOHN, in A 3d.	778. PULLEIN, JOHN, in B flat 3d.
1048. ADLAM, FRANK, in F (easy) 3d.	340. *GOSS, JOHN, in D (Thanksgiving) 6d.	732. BEAD, F. J., in D 3d.
652. *ALCOCK, W. G., in B flat 3d.	729. GRAY, ALAN, in G 4d.	33. REAY, S., in F 3d.
5. ALLEN, G., in D 3d.	10. HAKING, R., in C 1½d.	882. *RUSDALE (Festival) 6d.
14. ARMES, PHILIP, in G 3d.	993. HALL, KING, in B flat 4d.	1010. ROBERTS, J. V., in D 3d.
35. ARMES, PHILIP, in G 6d.	504. HALL, E. VINE, in D 3d.	1013. ROBERTS, J. V., in E 4d.
16. ARNOLD, G. R., in C 3d.	693. HALL, E. V., in G (Congregational) 3d.	1017. ROBERTS, J. V., in F 4d.
877. ARNOTT, A. D., in F 8d.	693R. Do. Melody only 1d.	1019. ROBERTS, J. V., in G 4d.
411. ATTWATER, J. P., in B flat 4d.	572. HOPKINS, E. J., in A 6d.	834. ROSS, W. G., in A 3d.
163. BAKER, A. S., in C 4d.	15. *HOPKINS, J. L., in G 3d.	627. SELBY, B. L., in G 4d.
1010. *BAKER, HENRY, in F 3d.	963. HOWELL, H., in E 3d.	906. SELBY, B. L., in G minor 3d.
33. BARRETT, E. R., in E flat 4d.	378. HUNTLEY, G. F., in E flat 4d.	409. SHAW, J., in G 3d.
743. BENNETT, GEORGE J., in E flat 4d.	44. HUTCHINSON, T., in E flat 1½d.	32. *SMART, HENRY, in F 3d.
997. BENNETT, G. J., in B flat 3d.	750. IRELAND, JOHN, in F 3d.	375. SMITH, BOYTON, in E flat 4d.
18. BEST, W. T., in C 3d.	29. IRONS, H. S., in G 3d.	955. SMITH, B. (with Jubilate), in D 3d.
546. *BLAIR, HUGH, in D (Festival) 6d.	726. KEEKTON, HAYDN, in B flat 3d.	956. SMITH, BOYTON, in G (No. 5) 3d.
786. BLAIR, HUGH, in E flat 3d.	647. KEMPTON, THOMAS, in B flat 4d.	388. SOMERVILLE, A., in G 3d.
724. BOOTH, JOSIAH, in D 3d.	680. KING, CHARLES, in C 4d.	19. *STAINER, J., in C 3d.
346. *BREWER, A. H., in B flat 3d.	552. KING, OLIVER (with Jubilate), in D 6d.	136. STAINER, J., in G (Congregational) 3d.
588. *BREWER, A. H., in E flat 3d.	131. LANE, E. BURRITT, in F 3d.	273. STEANE, BRUCE, in F 3d.
145. BROWN, A. H., in A 3d.	684. LEE, E. MARKHAM, in C 3d.	1. STEGGALL, C., in A 3d.
842. BULLIVANT, G., in E flat (Festival) 4d.	447. LEMARE, E. H., in F 4d.	666. STEGGALL, C., in F (Congregational) 2d.
854. BUTTON, H. ELLIOT, in E flat 3d.	459. LEMARE, E. H., in E flat 4d.	24. STEPHENS, C. E., in C 3d.
9. CALKIN, J. H., in D 3d.	141. LITTLETON, ALFRED H., in E flat 4d.	21. STEWART, R. P., in G 3d.
95. CAMBRIDGE, F., in B flat 3d.	151. LITTLETON, P. C., in C 3d.	2. *SULLIVAN, ARTHUR, in D 1½d.
12. CLARKE, J. HAMILTON, in F 1½d.	17. MACFARREN, WALTER, in C 3d.	474. THORNE, E. H. (with Jubilate), in G 6d.
730. COBB, G. F., in G 3d.	988. MACFARREN, W., in A 4d.	983. THORNE, E. H., in E flat 4d.
416. COULDEREY-TAYLOR, S., in F 4d.	228. MACPHERSON, CHARLES, in F 4d.	73. TILLEARD, J., in G (Festival) 1½d.
860. COULDEREY, H. R., in D 3d.	758. MACPHERSON, CHARLES, in E flat 4d.	1008. TOMLIN, K. G., in A flat 3d.
731. CUMMINGS, W. H., in F 3d.	153. MACPHERSON, STEWART, in E flat 3d.	66. TOOP, AUG, in D 4d.
59. DUNCAN, E., in G 3d.	83. *MARCHANT, ARTHUR W., in E flat 3d.	144. TOZER, FERRIS, in D 3d.
25. *DYKES, J. B., in F 1½d.	362. *MARTIN, GEORGE C., in A 6d.	617. TOZER, FERRIS, in F 2d.
31. ELLIOTT, J. W., in F 3d.	659. MARTIN, GEORGE C., in C 3d.	805. TOZER, FERRIS, in E flat 3d.
472. ELLIOTT, J. W., in D 3d.	578. MATTHEWS, T. R., in G 1½d.	41. THIMMEL, T. T., in D (Festival) 3d.
40. FISHER, ARTHUR E., in D 3d.	579. MATTHEWS, T. R., in E 1½d.	109. THIMMEL, T. T., in C 3d.
63. FISHER, ARTHUR E., in A 4d.	39. MILLER, C. E., in D 3d.	708. WAREING, HERBERT W., in G 4d.
472. FORD, E., in F 3d.	262. MONK, M. J., in G 4d.	589. WARREN, R. H., in E flat 4d.
392. FOSTER, MYLES B., in C 3d.	130. MONK, W. H., in A 3d.	1047. WATKINS, DAVID, in B flat 3d.
63. GADSBY, H., in E flat 3d.	807. MORLEY, T., in F 3d.	45. *WESTBURY, G. H., in A 3d.
307. GALK, C. R., in F 3d.	614. NAYLOR, E. W., in A 4d.	43. WEST, JOHN E., in B flat 3d.
6. *GARRETT, G. M., in F 3d.	43. NUNN, J. H., in F 1½d.	912. WEST, JOHN E., in F 4d.
439. GERMAN, J. E., in F 6d.	11. OUSELEY, F., in F 3d.	70. *WEST, JOHN E., in G 3d.
	119. *OUSELEY, F., in D 3d.	558. WILLIAMS, C. LER, in A 6d.
		780. WOLSTENHOLME, W., in A flat 3d.
		37. *WOODWARD, H. H., in E flat 3d.

Te Deum Laudamus (CHANT SETTINGS).

523. BARNBY, J. (with other Canticles) 4d.	10. HAKING, R., in C 1½d.	819. ROBERTS, J. V., in A 1½d.
443. BARTHOLOMEW (nine Chants) 1½d.	693. HALL, E. VINE, in G (Congregational) 3d.	820. ROBERTS, J. V., in B flat 1½d.
1032. BEST, W. T., in G 3d.	693B. Do. Melody only 1d.	106. ROBERTS, J. V., in C 1½d.
644. BUTTON, H. ELLIOT 1½d.	147. HAMILTON-GELL, A. W., in G 1½d.	105. ROBERTS, J. V., in D 1½d.
38. CARNALL, ARTHUR 3d.	22. HERBERT, E., in D 3d.	822. ROBERTS, J. V., in E 1½d.
1004. CHAMBERS, H. A., in A 3d.	153. HOPKINS, E. J., in F 3d.	821. ROBERTS, J. V., in E flat 1½d.
308. CHIFF, E. T., in D 3d.	29. IRONS, H. S., in G 3d.	104. ROBERTS, J. V., in F 1½d.
311. CHIFF, E. T., in E flat 3d.	456. LITTLETON, A. H., in D 3d.	107. ROBERTS, J. V., in G 1½d.
311. CHIFF, E. T., in C 3d.	17. MACFARREN, W., in C 3d.	88. *SMITH, BOYTON, in F 1½d.
976. COULDEREY, H. R. (No. 2, in D) 2d.	164. MACPHERSON, G., in E flat 1½d.	954. SMITH, B. (No. 3, with Jubilate), in G 3d.
57. COULDEREY, H. R., in B flat 2d.	964. *OAKLEY, H. S. (Quadruple), in F 1½d.	188. SMITH, BOYTON, in E flat 3d.
280. DEANE, J. H., in E 2d.	11. OUSELEY, F., in F 3d.	473. STAINER, J., in A 3d.
581. DEANE, J. H., in G 2d.	119. *OUSELEY, F., in D 3d.	86. SUMNER, in E? (Soprano voices) 3d.
371. EYRE, A. J., in D (Quadruple) 2d.	231. PETTMAN, EDGAR, No. 1 1½d.	20. THORNE, E. H., in C 3d.
408. FIELD, J. T., in A 4d.	238. PETTMAN, EDGAR, No. 2 1½d.	294. TURLE, JAMES, in E flat 1½d.
516. GAUNTLETT, H. J., in G 3d.	42. PRATTEN, W., in E 3d.	51. VINCENT, C., in D 3d.
246. *GOSS, JOHN, in C 2d.		914. WEST, JOHN E., in G 1½d.
249. GOSS, JOHN, in D 3d.		

Te Deum Laudamus (UNISON SETTINGS).

5. ALLEN, G., in D 3d.	10. HAKING, R., in C 1½d.	28. REDHEAD, R., in D (Congregational) 3d.
14. ARMES, PHILIP, in G 3d.	147. HAMILTON-GELL, A. W., in G 1½d.	497. SELBY, B. L., in D 3d.
3. *BARNBY, J., in D 3d.	765. HOPKINS, E. J., in B flat 3d.	136. STAINER, J., in G (Congregational) 3d.
4. *BARNBY, J., in B flat 3d.	8. MACFARREN, G. A., in G 3d.	1. STEGGALL, C., in A 3d.
346. BREWER, A. H., in B flat (partly) 3d.	579. MATTHEWS, T. R., in E 1½d.	666. STEGGALL, C., in F (Congregational) 2d.
9. CALKIN, J. B., in D 3d.	7. MONK, E. G., in A 3d.	24. STEPHENS, C. E., in C 3d.
30. CHIFF, E. T., in D 3d.	437. *MONK, E. G., in E flat 3d.	20. THORNE, E. H., in C 3d.
63. FISHER, A. E., in A (partly) 3d.	119. *OUSELEY, F., in D 3d.	
267. GOSS, JOHN, in A 3d.	11. OUSELEY, F., in F 3d.	

Te Deum Laudamus (GREGORIAN TONES).

230. AMBROSIAN MELODY 3d.	380. JORDAN, W. (5th Tone) 1½d.	300. STAINER, J. (2nd Series) 3d.
293. AMBROSIAN MELODY 3d.	953. SMITH, B., in B flat (Plain Song) 1½d.	282. STAINER, J. (3rd Series) 3d.
905. Do. (Ed. by J. F. Bridge) 3d.	237. STAINER, J. (1st Series) 1½d.	255. STAINER, J. (4th Series) 3d.

§ Orchestral Parts may be had. Those marked thus * may be had in Tonic Sol-fa.

The Reproaches

(FOR GOOD FRIDAY)

A SIMPLE SETTING, SUITABLE FOR SINGING IN UNISON OR HARMONY

MUSIC BY

THE REV. HORACE SPENCE, B.A., MUS. BAC. (OXON.),

ASSISTANT CURATE, ST. ANDREW'S, WILLESDEN GREEN, N.W.

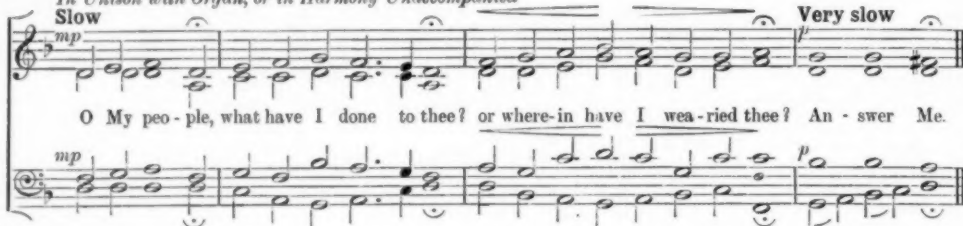
LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

No. I.

In Unison with Organ, or in Harmony Unaccompanied

Slow

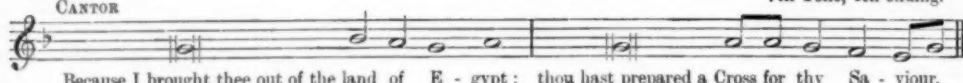
Very slow



No. II.

CANTOR

7th Tone, 4th ending.



No. III.

III. *All. In Unison with Organ, or in Harmony Unaccompanied*

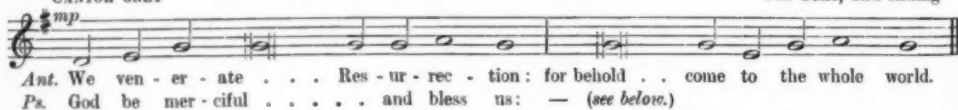
Slow



No. IV. ANTIPHON AND PSALM

CANTOR ONLY

8th Tone, 2nd ending



THE REPROACHES

CANTOR (OR CANTORS). O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.
(See No. I.)

CANTOR. (See No. II.) V. Because I brought thee out of the | land of Egypt: thou hast prepared a | Cross for thy Saviour.

ALL. (See No. III.) Holy, Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy upon us.

CANTOR. (This and all) V. Because I led thee through the wilderness forty years, and fed thee with manna, Versicles as No. II.) and brought into a | land exceeding good: thou hast prepared a | Cross for thy Saviour.

ALL (as before). . . Holy, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. What could I have done more for thee that I have not [done?]* I planted thee indeed My choicest vine, and thou hast turned for Me into ex-|ceeding bitterness: thou gavest vinegar to quench My thirst, and piercest with a lance the | side of thy Saviour.

[* Sing "done" on the note below (F) and make a distinct pause.]

ALL (as before). . . Holy, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. For thy sake I scourged Egypt | with its firstborn: and thou hast delivered | Me to be scourged.

ALL. (See No. I.) . . . O My people, what have I done to thee? or wherein have I wearied thee? Answer Me.

CANTOR. . . . V. I brought thee out of Egypt, drowning Pharaoh | in the Red Sea: and thou didst deliver | Me to the Chief Priests.

ALL. O My people, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. I opened the | sea before thee: and thou openedst My | Side with a spear.

ALL. O My people, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. I went before thee in a | pillar of cloud: and thou didst lead Me before | Pilate's judgement seat.

ALL. O My people, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. I fed thee with manna | in the desert: and thou didst fall on | Me with swords and staves.

ALL. O My people, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. I gave thee to drink of the water of sal-|vation from the rock: and thou gavest Me | gall and vinegar.

ALL. O My people, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. For thee I smote the | kings of the Canaanites: and thou didst smite My | head with a reed.

ALL. O My people, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. I gave thee a | royal sceptre: and thou gavest | Me a crown of thorns.

ALL. O My people, etc.

CANTOR. . . . V. I exalted | thee to great honour: and thou didst lift Me up upon the | gibbet of the Cross.

ALL. O My people, etc.

A short pause after the last "Answer Me," to be followed by the intonation for the Antiphon. (See No. IV.)

CANTOR. We ven-|erate Thy Cross, O Lord, and praise and glorify Thy holy Resur-|rection: for behold, through the wood joy has come | to the whole world. God be | merciful unto us and | bless us:—

ALL. . . And show us the light of His countenance, and be mer-|ciful unto us.

We ven-|erate, etc., (as before, but start on same note as "us," and sing through four notes higher than before.)

Then is sung Hymn 97, (A. & M.) or Hymns 95 & 96, (English Hymnal).

"Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle."

NOVELLO'S PARISH CHOIR BOOK.

Jubilate Deo.

(For Chant and Unison Settings, see separate sections.)

981. ARMES, PHILIP, in G 3d.	475. *GOSS, JOHN, in A 14d.	1011. ROBERTS, J. V., in D 2d.
441. ARNOLD, G. B., in C 14d.	994. HALL, KING, in B flat 3d.	628. SELBY, B. L., in G 3d.
879. ARNOTT, A. D., in F 4d.	75. HAMILTON-GELL, A. W., in E flat 14d.	410. SHAW, J., in G 14d.
1041. *BAKER, HENRY, in F 14d.	573. HOPKINS, E. J., in A 3d.	955. SMITH, B., in D (with Te Deum) 3d.
745. BENNETT, GEORGE J., in E flat .. 3d.	911. IRELAND, JOHN, in F 3d.	309. *SOMERVELL, A., in F 3d.
999. BENNETT, G. J., in B flat 3d.	727. KEETON, HAYDN, in B flat 14d.	303. STEANE, BRUCE, in F 3d.
347. BREWER, A. H., in B flat 14d.	648. KEMPTON, THOMAS, in B flat .. 3d.	698. STEGALL, C., in F (Congregational) 2d.
604. BREWER, A. H., in E flat 3d.	681. KING, CHARLES, in C 2d.	1026. STEWART, R. P., in G 14d.
753. BUTTON, H. ELLIOT, in E flat .. 2d.	552. KING, OLIVER, in D (with Te Deum) 6d.	69. *SULLIVAN, A., in D (with Kyrie) .. 3d.
731. COBB, G. F., in G 2d.	643. LUTKIN, P. C., in C 3d.	474. THORNE, E. H., in G (with Te Deum) 6d.
418. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, S., in F 3d.	990. MACFARREN, W., in A (with Kyrie) 4d.	985. THORNE, E. H., in E flat 2d.
752. CUMMINGS, W. H., in D 14d.	229. MACPHERSON, C., in F 3d.	460. TILLEARD, J., in F (with Kyrie) .. 14d.
678. DAWRE, R., in F (Festal form) .. 3d.	444. MATTHEWS, T. R., in C 14d.	621. TOZER, FERRIS, in F 2d.
1059. DUNCAN, E., in G 3d.	807. MOSENTHAL, J. (with Te Deum), in E 6c.	120. WALMSLEY, T. F., in C 3d.
50. ELLIOTT, J. W., in D 4d.	615. NAYLOR, E. W., in A 3d.	709. WARRING, HERBERT W., in G 3d.
472A. FORD, E., in G 14d.	779. PULLEN, JOHN, in B flat 3d.	558. WILLIAMS, A. (with Te Deum) .. 6d.
391. FOSTER, MYLES B., in C 7d.	723. READ, F. J., in D 2d.	781. WOLSTENHOLME, W., in A flat .. 3d.
208. GALE, C. R., in F 3d.	1029. REAY, S., in F 3d.	

Jubilate Deo (CHANT SETTINGS).

323. BARNBY, J. (with other Canticles) 4d.	313. CHIFF, E. T., in C 2d.	954. SMITH, B. (with Te Deum No. 3, in G) 3d.
1033. BEST, W. T., in A 14d.	148. HAMILTON-GELL, A. W., in G .. 14d.	295. TURLE, J. (with Kyrie), in E flat .. 14d.
310. CHIFF, E. T., in E flat 2d.	509. MACFARREN, W., in C (with Kyrie) 14d.	

Jubilate Deo (UNISON SETTINGS).

441. ARNOLD, G. B., in C (Partly) 14d.	148. HAMILTON-GELL, A. W., in G .. 14d.	1023. MONK, E. G., in A 14d.
347. BREWER, A. H., in B flat (Partly) 14d.	766. HOPKINS, E. J., in B flat 14d.	410. SHAW, J., in G (Partly) 14d.
755. BUTTON, H. ELLIOT, in E flat (Partly) 2d.	1005. MACFARREN, W., in G 14d.	698. STEGALL, C., in F (Partly) (Congregational) 2d.
245. GOSS, JOHN, in A 2d.	444. MATTHEWS, T. R., in C 14d.	

Benedictus.

(For Chant, Unison, and Gregorian Settings, see separate sections.)

288. ADLAM, F., in E flat (with Te Deum) 4d.	996. HALL, KING, in B flat 4d.	121. READ, F. J., in D 14d.
1049. ADLAM, FRANK, in F (easy) 3d.	85. HUTCHINSON, THOMAS, in E flat 3d.	104. ROBERTS, J. V., in E 3d.
653. ALCOCK, W. G., in B flat 4d.	883. IRELAND, JOHN, in F 3d.	1017. ROBERTS, J. V., in F 3d.
878. ARNOTT, A. D., in F 6d.	804. LEE, MARKHAM E., in C 3d.	1020. ROBERTS, J. V., in G 3d.
744. BENNETT, GEORGE J., in E flat .. 3d.	432. LEMARE, E. H., in F 4d.	629. SELBY, B. L., in G 3d.
995. BENNETT, G. J., in B flat 3d.	983. MACFARREN, W., in A 3d.	297. STEANE, BRUCE, in F 3d.
787. BLAIR, HUGH, in E flat 3d.	700. MACPHERSON, CHARLES, in F .. 4d.	697. STEGALL, C., in F (Congregational) 2d.
146. BROWN, A. H., in A 3d.	759. MACPHERSON, CHARLES, in E flat 3d.	984. THORNE, E. H., in E flat 3d.
417. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, S., in F 4d.	154. MACPHERSON, S., in E flat 3d.	619. TOZER, FERRIS, in F 3d.
56. ELLIOTT, J. W., in D 3d.	84. MARCHANT, ARTHUR W., in E flat 3d.	718. WARRING, HERBERT W., in G .. 4d.
673. FARRANT, J., in G minor 3d.	373. MARTIN, GEORGE C., in A 4d.	920. WESLEY, S. S., in E 4d.
254. GOSS, JOHN, in A 3d.	659. MARTIN, GEORGE C., in C 8d.	913. WEST, JOHN E., in F 3d.
317. GOSS, JOHN, in D 3d.	580. MATTHEWS, T. R., in E flat .. 2d.	526. WEST, JOHN E., in G 4d.
774. GRAY, ALAN, in G 3d.	609. MONK, M. J., in G 3d.	468. WESTBURY, G. H., in A 3d.

Benedictus (CHANT SETTINGS).

523. BARNBY, J. (with other Canticles) 4d.	694. HALL, E. VINE, in D 14d.	123. ROBERTS, J. V., in D 14d.
309. CHIFF, E. T., in D 2d.	442. HERBERT, E., in D 14d.	124. ROBERTS, J. V., in C 14d.
309. LOBE, G. F., in G 2d.	159. HOLDER, G., in A 14d.	125. ROBERTS, J. V., in G 14d.
828. DYKES, J. B., in F (Partly) 14d.	517. JACOBS, W., in A 14d.	126. SMITH, B., in E flat 3d.
408. FIELD, J. T., in D 4d.	456. LITTLETON, A. H., in D 14d.	1002. THORNE, E. H., in G 3d.
247. *GOSS, JOHN, in C 2d.	122. ROBERTS, J. V., in F 14d.	322. TURLE, JAMES, in D 14d.

Benedictus (UNISON SETTINGS).

733. COBB, G. F., in G (Partly) 2d.	84. MARCHANT, A. W., in E flat (Partly) 3d.	697. STEGALL, C., in F (Partly) (Congregational) 2d.
828. DYKES, J. B., in F (Partly) 14d.	580. MATTHEWS, T. R., in E flat .. 2d.	
244. GOSS, JOHN, in A 2d.		

Benedictus (GREGORIAN TONES).

645. BUTTON (1st Tone, 2nd ending) .. 14d.	216. STAINER, J. (1st Series) 2d.	337. STAINER, J. (4th Series) 2d.
382. JORDAN, W. (8th Tone) 14d.	219. STAINER, J. (2nd Series) 2d.	894. TALLIS, THOMAS (7th Tone) .. 2d.
	307. STAINER, J. (3rd Series) 2d.	

Benedicite, omnia opera.

1050. ADLAM, FRANK, in F 14d.	93. GADSBY, HENRY, in G (Chant form) 14d.	232. PETTMAN, EDGAR, in E flat .. 14d.
501. BAIRSTOW, E. C., in E flat 3d.	488. GALE, CLEMENT R., in D 14d.	225. PETTMAN, EDGAR, in C and E flat 2d.
427. BENNETT, G. J., in D (Unison) .. 3d.	55. GLADSTONE, F. E., in C (Chant form) 14d.	802. PULLEN, JOHN, in E flat 1d.
61. BENNETT, G. J., in E flat 14d.	67. GLADSTONE, F. E., in G (Unison) 14d.	157. ROBERTS, J. V., in B flat 4d.
62. BENNETT, G. J., in G 14d.	428. GODFREY, A. E., in C 3d.	626. SLATER, W., in F 14d.
101. *BEST, W. T., in C 3d.	493. GODFREY, A. E. (No. 2), in G .. 3d.	74. SMITH, BOYTON, in A flat 14d.
102. BLAIR, HUGH, in G 14d.	123. H. B. C. (Chant) 14d.	420. SMITH, C. W., in C (arr. for 5 or 4 v.) 2d.
94. BRIDGE, TURLE, and HAYES, in A 14d.	196. HERVEY, F. A. J., in A flat (Chant) 14d.	195. STAINER, J., in D (Chant) 14d.
61. BUTTON, H. ELLIOT, in D 14d.	943. HOYTE, W. S., in E flat 14d.	STAINER & BLAXLAND (Chant form) 14d.
932. BUTTON, H. ELLIOT (shnd. form) 14d.	944. HOYTE, W. S., in D 14d.	525. STAINER, DE LACY, GIBBS, &c. .. 14d.
731. COBB, G. F., in G 3d.	103. HUGHES, W., in E flat 14d.	930. STAINER, TURLE, and IROWS .. 14d.
973. COULDRAY, H. R., in G and D .. 3d.	422. ILIFF, F., in E flat (Chant) .. 14d.	424. STAINER, WINN, and WALKER .. 14d.
974. COULDRAY, H. R. (No. 2), in D and A 14d.	429. LEMARE, E. H., in B flat 3d.	500. STEWART, C. HYLTON, in C 3d.
251. ELLIOTT, J. W., in G 14d.	420. LLOYD, C. H., in E flat (Chant form) 2d.	620. TOZER, FERRIS, in G (easy) 14d.
605. ELLIOTT, J. W., in G 2d.	901. LUCAS, P. T. (shortened form) .. 14d.	622. TOZER, FERRIS, in A (shortened form) 2d.
374. ELLIOTT, J. W., in G 4d.	625. MACPHERSON, C., in F 4d.	VARIOUS COMPOSERS (8 Chants) .. 14d.
343. ELLIOTT, M. B., in G 14d.	90. MARTIN, GEORGE C., in F 4d.	199. WEST, JOHN E., in C 14d.
499. ELLIOTT, K. B., in G 14d.	93. MARTIN, GEORGE C., in G 4d.	170. WEST, JOHN E., in G 4d.
65. EYRE, A. J. (No. 2), in F 14d.	100. MARTIN, GEORGE C., in E flat .. 14d.	846. WESTBURY, G. H., in C 14d.
371. EYRE, A. J., in E flat 2d.	210. MATTHEWS, T. R., in E flat .. 14d.	854. WILLAN, HEALEY, in D (shnd. form) 14d.
328. FOSTER, MYLES B., in F (Chant form) 4d.	770. MERBECKE (Chiefly Unison) .. 2d.	85. WOOD, W. G., in D 14d.
54. FROST, PERCY H., in D 2d.	421. MILLER, C. E. (No. 2), in G (Chant) 2d.	387. WRIGLEY, G. F., in G (Quadruple) 14d.

Those marked thus * may be had in Tonic Sol-fa.

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